

COVENT GARDEN. A PLEASANT COMEDIE:

Acted in the YEARE, MDCXXXII.

By the *Queenes* Majesties Servants.

The Author
THOMAS NABbes.



Printed by RICHARD OULTON, for
CHARLES GREENE; and are to be
sold at the Signe of the White Lyon, in
PAULS Churche-yard.

1638.

1740
VOL
THE
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OF
CHAMOIS
BY
CHARLES
LEONARD
MORSE
WITH
A
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TO
THE RIGHT WORTHY
OF HIS HONOVR S
Sr. JOHN SUCKLING
Knight.

SIR, Here is no excuse for this my
presumption, but a presump-
tion upon your

*T*It is likewise an error in
my weaknesse, to put so meane a piece to
a second tryall; when in your perusal it
will meet with a more piercing judge-
ment, then the Stages, that gave it
some partiall allowance. For the stile,
'tis humble:

Serpit humiliatus nimium, timidusq; procellæ.

The EPISTLE.

Your owne is Pindarus, mine Bacchylides. Yet I would have endeavour'd to make the persons speake better, had it been proper to their condition. As you are a Patron to all good endeavours, you merit to be the subject of many Encomiums: But your selfe by your selfe in making the world (which can never be sufficiently gratefull for it) happy in the publication of your late worthy labour, have prevented the intentions of many to dignifie that in you which is so farr above them. My hope is, that by your favourable acceptance of this, I may gaine some opinion with others; to whom I have and alwayes do declare my selfe in my desires ambitious to be knowne by you at the becoming distance of

Your honourer and humble Servant

THOMAS NABBEs.

The PROLOGUE.

Doe not expect th' abuses of a Place ;
Nor th'ills sprung from a Strumpets painted face
To be exprest. Our Author doth not meane
With such vile stoffe to clothe his modest Scoene.
Nor doth he brand it with a Satyres marke ;
But makes a Justice wiser then his Clerke.
His Rusticks likewise will pretend to Wit :
So all the Persons which wee counterfeit.
He justifies that 'tis no borrow'd Straine,
From the invention of anothers braine.
Nor did he steale the Fancie. 'Tis the same
Hee first intended by the proper Name.
'Twaz not a toyle of yeares : few weekes brought forth
This rugged Issue, might have beene more worth
If he had lick'd it more. Nor doth he raise
From th' imitation of authenticke Playes
Matter or words to height : nor bundle up
Conceits at Tavernes where the Wits doe sup.
His Muse is solitary, and alone
Doth practise her low speculation.
He hath no faction in a partiall way,
Prepar'd to cry it up, and boast the Play,
Swelling your expectations : hee relies
Merely upon your ingenuities. !
The Matter's weake : how can the Building stand ?
Yes ; if supported by a gratiouse Hand.

The

The PERSONS.

D VNGVVORTH. *A Countrey Gentleman.*
RALPH. A son to Sir TONGALL His Servants.
DOBSON.
Mris. TONGALL. *A busie Gossip.*
THEODORE ARTLOVE. *A compleat Gentleman.*
LITTLEWORD. *A repined Witt.*
HVGH IERKER. *A wilde Gallant.*
IEFFEREY IERKER. *A lad of the same humour.*
DOROTHY WORTHY. *Daughter to Sir GENE.*
SUSAN. *A waiting-woman to the Lady.*
WARRANT. *Clerke to Sir GENEROVS.*
SPRVCE. *Gentleman Vsher to the Lady.*
Lady WORTHY.
Sir GENEROVS WORTHY.
Young WORTHY. *His Son.*
DASHER. *A complementing Vintener.*
DRAVVER.
CONSTABLE.

The Scene COVENT-GARDEN.

COVENT



Act. I. Scæn. I.

Enter DUNGVORTH, RALPH, and
DOBSON, as newly come to Towne by
the right Scœne.

DOBSON.



Ow we are come to London, fellow Ralph
what shall we doe? or what course will our
Master take with us?

Ralph. Why, Dobson; he may doe what
he will, and wee will doe what we list. A
little instruction and practice will make
us wicked enough, I dare warrant thee.

Dobs. I hope we are not to learne that. But all this while
the Plough stands still.

Ralph. Sha, Dobson; thy mind's upon not hingbut dirt.

Dobs. Indeed heer's store of it, ankcle deepe.

Dung. What place is this Ralph? thou knowist London.

Ralph. It should be COVENT-GARDEN; but 'tis
much alter'd since I was here last.

Dungw. A Garden call you it! 'Tis a very barren one.

Dobs. I would I were at home againe, amongst the
Creame-bowles.

B

Ralph.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Ralph. I could be content to have the tother smacke at our
Gillian the Dayry-Maids sugar-candy—

Dobf. How, fellow *Ralph!* you kisse my Sweet-heart
Gillian! pronounce it againe, and by the faith of a new
made Serving-man, that puts his whole trust in his Livery
and the Quarter-dayes, I will kill thee presently, and chal-
lenge thee the next Holi-day before the Congregation.

Ralph. Kill me first, and then challenge me ! for a kisse
or two I may, good *Dobson*; she has lips big enough to serve
us both. Prethee lets not fall out and beat one another:
these people would but laugh at us for't.

Dobf. Indeed 'tis a jolly company. Dwell they all here
abouts ?

Ralph. I scarce thinke they are all of one Parish, neither
doe they goe to one Church. They come onely for an eve-
ning recreation to see COVENT-GARDEN.

Dobf. Blessings on their hearts for it. 'Tis a goodly place.

Ralph. And a godly one too if rumour lie not.

Dung. What are all these things with rayles?

Ralph. I thinke mewes for hawkes, or ayrrings for gen-
tles. Other hawkes are not here in any request.

Dung. Mewes for hawkes, thou wouldest make mee a
Buzzard.

Dobf. Dost thinke we shall dwell hereabouts ?

Ralph. I hope so: we shall then be neare the Cock-pit,
and see a Play now and then.

Dobf. But tell me *Ralph*, are those Players the ragged
fellowes that were at our house last *Christmas*, that bor-
rowed the red blanket off my bed to make their Major a
gowne; and had the great Pot-lid for *Guy of Warwick's*
Buckler ?

Ralph. No, *Dobson*; they are men of credit, whose ac-
tions are beheld by every one, and allow'd for the most part
with commendations. They make no yearely Progresse
with the *Anatomy* of a Sumpter-horse, laden with the
sweepings of *Long-lane* in a dead Vacation, and purchas'd

at the exchange of their owne whole Wardrobes. They buy not their Ordinary for the Copie of a *Prologue*; nor insinuate themselves into the acquaintance of an admiring *Ningle*, who for his free comming in, is at the expence of a Taverne Supper, and rinses their bawling throats with *Canarye*.

Dob. But I would I had stay'd still in the Countrey, now Sports are tollerated, in despite of Justice, *Troublesome's* malicioys Authoritie. I had rather see a Morris-dance and a May-pole, then ten Playes: what care I for wit which I understand not?

Ralph. The duller Aſſe thou.

Dob. How, Aſſe to my face! provoke me no more with ſuch foule language, leſt I enter and act thy Tragedy.

Ralph. Nay, prethee fellow *Dobſon*; if we abuse ourſelves ſometimes, 'twill be the better taken when wee abuse others.

Dung. To morrow Ile have you accoutr'd in liveries, and put my ſelfe into a gentile garbe. I am resolv'd to forſake the Countrey profession of mine Auncelors; and meane to turne Gallant. Ile ſell ſome few dirty Acres, and buy a Knighthood: Ile tranſlate my Farme of *Dirt-all* into the Mannor of *No-place*. Would I were acquainted with an honest Scrivener.

Ralph. You wiſh an impoſſibility, uulſe the Pillory were more terrible.

Dobſon. But doe you meane to ſell your Land?

Dung. Yes indeed; I ſhall be the likelier to goe to hea-ven when I forſake earth.

Ralph. But 'tis a dangerous way through a Scrivener's conſcience.

Dung. What doſt tell me of danger! 'Tis the Cowards bug-beare; a ſcar-crow to City gulls, that dare not weare ſwords for feare of being challeng'd.

Dobſ. Nay, my Maſter is as tall a man of his inches.

Dung. Yes, *Dobſon*; thou haſt ſene me doe ſomething.

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But sirrah, let it be your charge to finde out a good Inne ;
see Crop eat his meat.

Dobs. Ile warrant Sir, hee'l eat his meate, and 'twere
Good-friday.

Ralph. Had he but eares then, hee might make a very
good Puritan horse.

Dungw. Indeed, their best vertue is to heare well.

Ralph. But their doing sometimes, begets a hotter zeale
in the Sister-hood.

Dungw. Ile have a lodging heere. Prethee aske that
Gentlewoman ; shce seems an inhabitant.

The second Scene.

Enter Mris. TONGALL, by the right Scene.

Ralph. Pray Master, know you hereabouts any conve-
nient Lodgings ?

Tong. Many Sir, for convenient persons.

Dungw. Of credit, and unsuspicious.

Tong. It is not in my understanding ; wherefore the
satisfaction I can give you will be doubtfull. I know none
of my neighbours better then my selfe. I have as hand-
some Lodgings as any are in *Covent Garden* : my fore-
roomes have a faire prospect, and my back-roomes a
sweet ayre.

Ralph. Which is not usuall backwards.

Dung. May we see them ?

Tong. If you please to let that Taverne receive you
till I have made them ready, I will returne and give you
notice.

Dung. Ile sup there : shall I intreat your company ?

Tong. I shall be ready to fulfill your desires.

Dobs. And we our bellies : hitherto, we have had but
a hungry journey of it.

Dungwell and Dobson go forth by the left Scene.

Tong.

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Tong. My friend, pray what's your Masters name?

Ralph. What if it be not in my Commission to tell you?

Tong. My demands are civil and for no hurt. I must know before my house can give him entertainment.

Ralph. But I must not tell you, till I have a mind to it. You may be the agent to an Informer: doe you not correspond with the Sumner and Apparitour, to keepe your selfe off some deserv'd punishment?

Tong. I am a patient bearer.

Ralph. Not unlikely, I have heard there are many such in *Covent-Garden.*

Tong. I meane with your unmanerliness.

Ralph. If a downe-right. Countrey thing will please you.

Tong. A downe-right! you make me blush.

Ralph. This interest then, and —

Tong. So Sir, the termes are not equall for such familiaritie.

Ralph. Why then you must seeke you a more proportion'd Schoole-master to enter you farther, and teach you my Masters name. The Wine stayes, and I want it.

Tong. Good friend stay a little, and tell me thy Masters name.

Ralph. What agen! Fare you well, I have forgot it.

Tong. Nay, prethee friend: my knowledge of it may much concerne his, or (if not) thy good. My daughter *Iynny's* a handsome girle, he that pleaseth me best shall have her.

Ralph. I rather thinke hee shall have her that pleaseth her best, else I shall doubt her for a woman. But how can she concerne our goods? your instance.

Tong. Nay, credit me upon my word, 'tis earnest.

Ralph. A Womins word! 'tis not worth an ounce of feathers. Besides, you may be under covert barne. Haye you not a Husband?

Tong. Yes indeede.

Ralph. What's his profession?

Tong. An under-Lawyer, an Attourney.

Ralph. His word may be taken in the terme for a gown-facing or so: but to doe any man good, is worth a double fee, if he performe it. Mistris, if you must know my Masters name, goe to *Carterton* in the Countie of *Sussex*, and there in the Church-Register you shall finde, that *Roger* the sonne of *Rowland Dungworth* of *Dirtall* Farme in the Parish of *Carterton* aforesaid, was baptised—But stay, I'le know first if he be resolved to continue a Christian; 'tis ordinary to change names with religion. Besides, hee means to be a Knight; and *Dungworth* will stink in the delicate nostrils of a Lady: it may make the heralds give him a mock-coate with three kennell-rakers. Farewell sweet Mistris, and if my Master chance to lie at your house, I should be glad if I might lie over your Daughter.

Tong. Farewell good friend. The Gentleman to lye at my house I very good. I must project a profit out of the accident; a new Gowne, or a Beaver, or some composition with a bond of assurance, when I procure him a good Wife. Perhaps hee shall have my Daughter *Lynny*. Who would thinke this little body of mine were so busie in stirring actions, Master *Theodore Art-love*!

The third Scene.

Enter ART-LOVE by the right Scene.

Art. Mistress *Tongall*, you are delighting your selfe with these new erections.

Tong. Faire erections are pleasing things.

Art. Indeed they are faire ones, and their uniformity addes much to their beauty.

Tong. How like you the Balconee's? They set off a Ladies person well, when she presents her selfe to the view of

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of gazing passengers. Artificiall fucations are not discern'd at distance.

Artl. Pray which is Sir *Generous Worthie's* house?

Tong. Your desires (I believe) are bent towards his faire Daughter. Let me ayd you: my neighbour-hood hath interested me in her acquaintance; I can make way; and truely Mr. *Art-love* I like you so well, that (were she worthy) you should have my daughter *Iynuye*. But doe you love Mistris *Dorothy*?

Artl. I have seene her beauty, and her nimble eyes
Have shot a fire into me, that inflame's
My cold desires. I that have resisted
Th' assaults of passion to a perfect conquest;
And call'd it (justly too) the height of folly
To give that wanton Power the attribute
Of a false Deity: I, that have out-gone
Th' example of *Zenocrates*, am captiv'd;
But by a Beauty, such as would review
Heat in the frozen bosome of an *Anchorite*,
Who hath spent his age even to decrepitnesse
In such austeries as would mortifie
The strongest pamperd wantonnesse. I cover
A good successe, but faile in't. Never yet
Could I be blest with opportunity
To shew her my desires, and to try
The fortune of perswasion.

Tong. And would you not use me! hath so long pra-
etile in match-making made me politicke to contrive, and
my conversation with your selfe and the rest of the Wits
made me complementall, and doe you thinke I cannot fa-
cilitate your entrance to Mistris *Dorothy*?

Artl. Should I be fortunate in my attempts
To win her liking; should my person please her,
Or that annexion to my better part
Of education, yet the disparitie
Betwixt our states, checks me from hoping

That

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That the designe can prosper. The lighter fire
Nere mixeth with the earth, but to confusion :
Or from their severall natures bringing forth
Events prodigious.

Tong. Whv, you are an Heyre to a thousand pound a
yeare. An officious lye may be dispens't with.

Artl. But simple honesty
Clad in the naked livery of truth
Is a most glorious vertue, that preserves
White innocence unstain'd with falsehood.
Good meanes as well as good intention
Must make an act good.

Tong. If you have such a tender conscience, so religi-
ously scrupulous, you'l never be a Politician.

Artl. Let those that study mischiefe
To satisfie their sensualties
Practise such wickednesse. T'de not abuse
A noble goodness to posseſſe the *Indies*.

Tong. But heere's one will, and I must ayd him int.
Mr. *Littleword*.

The fourth Scæne.

*Enter LITTLEVORD, IERKER and IEFFERY,
by the right Scæne.*

Ierk. Friend *Art-love*, the good fortune of a petticoate
light upon thee, in the name of *Venery* what mak'st thou
here? art' in quest of a smock-bedfellow.

Artl. Thy old humour still friend.

Jerker. Prethee salute this little gentleman my Cousin :
he hath more age and wit then his small proportion doth
promise.

Artl. I shall be ready to serve him.

Ieffr. Your acquaintance will adde much to my hap-
piness.

Ierk.

Ierk. He hath gotten leave of his Uncle to liue here in my tuition. Hee thrives well in his conceit, a right *Ierk*; he begins to love a wench already.

Art. Thy instruction and example will soone enable him that way.

Jeffr. Is not that a wench Cousin?

Ierk. Try Col. and satisfie your selfe.

Jeffr. Mr *Little-word*, if your salute be ended, pray resigne. Nay, Mistris, I can kisse you without the helpe of a joyn'd stoole: please you to walke, and let my hand support you.

Tong. Whither pray you little sir?

Jeffr. To the next vaulting schoole.

Tong. Alas, you cannot get up without a stirrop.

Jeffr. Yes, and ride too without falling: please you to trye my activenesse.

Art. Prethee recall thy wonted goodnesse home, And with a vertuous scorne shake off this habit Of loose desires; it hath infection in it.

Ierk. Nothing comes from thee but documents. I sweare I should love thee much better if thou hadst lesse vertue. I prethee leave thy *Stoicisme*, and become an Epicure with me. My little Col. here shall prove with undenyable arguments that drinking and wenching are the onely vertues in a gentleman of the last edition: to be excellent at them is a master-piece of education. Besides, they are the onely *acumens* of wit.

Art. Yes, to disease it.

Ierk. Take heed thy judgement be not brought in question. Why diseas'd wits are —

Jeffr. Better play at small game then sit out. A young gamester may throw in and in.

Tong. Very seldom with three dice. Can your littlenesse cogge?

Jeffr. Faire play is a gamesters glory. I love to shake the boxe well, and then let them run their length.

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Artl. Yes, I confess it; where there is an union
Of loving hearts, the joy exceed's expression.
That love is vertuous whose desires doe never
End in their satisfaction, but increase
Towards the object. When a beauteous frame
Garnish'd with all the lustre of perfection
Invite's the eye, and tells the searching thoughts
It holds a richer minde, with which my soule
Would rather mixe her faculties.

Jeffr. Judge not of a man by his outward dimensions:
My shape is not so defective to make you doubt performance:
let's finde out a convenient place and try.

Tong. Alas little one, you'll lose your selfe: you'll never
hit the way home.

Terk. 'Tis a blisse above the faign'd *Elysium*
To clasp a dainty waste; to kisse a lip
Melts into *Nectar*; to behold an eye
Shoot amorous fires, that would warme cold Statues
Into a life and motion; play with hayre
Brighter then that was scellifyed.
And when the wanton appetite is cloy'd
With thousand satisfactions of this kind,
Then follow's th' absolutenesse
Of all delight. But were desire restrain'd
From variation, soone 'twould satiate,
And glut it selfe to loathing.

Jeffr. Please you to drinke a pint or two of wine? there
may be provocation in it.

Tong. Preserve your courtesie child, and your money:
Lent's at hand, and then every street will afford boyes re-
creation.

Jeffr. Why how now impudence! do you flout a man?

Terk. How, a man Cousin!

Jeffr. I want not so much of my full age to bee cal'd
a boy.

Artl. But you must not fall out with the Gentlewoman.

Jeffr.

Jeffr. I desire rather to have fal'n in with her.

Ierk. I would not have you so forward Cousin. You must be sure to deale with sound ware.

Jeffr. What care I? 'tis but the losse of a mans hayre; an excrementall ornament: wit consists not in't. A man may cover his baldnesse with a periwig, and the fashion take's away the suspition. I hope I came to *London* to learne wit and the fashion.

Tong. Come Mr. *Little-word*.

Artl. Adiew Mistris *Tongall*.

Exeunt Tongall and Little-word, by the right Scene.

Jeffr. I tooke her rather for a *Wag-taile*.

Art. What silent Gentleman's that?

Ierk. His Character in his owne language is I and no; yet he speaks well in paper. He is a wit, but somewhat a dull one.

Artl. What serious affaire have they together?

Ierk. There are hidden policies in the world. Thou hast a bookish humour; I a wenching one; and why may not his dulnes dreame of some rich match! Mris. *Tongal's* the onely match-maker in the Towne.

Artl. Those words create a hell of torment in me.

Is there no love

But what's attended by vaine jealousie!

Ierk. Art thou in love?

Artl. Yes, passionately.

My dreamings, wakings, thoughts and actions
Are nothing but desire.

Ierk. I can assoone credit an impossibility. Thou in love! why 'tis more improbable then the projection of draining Marsh-land with a wind-mill. But prethee what is shee?

The fifth Scene.

Enter DOROTHY SUSAN in the Balcone.

Art. See where my comforts Sun
 Breaks through a clowd. Oh that this unkind distance
 Might be contracted into lesser ayre :
 I'de then convey my whispers to her eares ;
 And teach her understanding what delight
 Society hath in it.

Ierk. Sure thou hast not boldnes enough to speake to
 her. Thou wouldest blush ; and fall into some pathetricall
 booke discourse, or tell her the story of *Hero* and *Leander*,
 to make her tenderness whine. .Tis not the way. Get
 accessse to her ; and after one mattherly salute, double and
 treble thy kisses ; tumble her a little, and if opportunity
 serve, offer the rest : Magick hath not a Philter like it.

Ieffr. Is not that a house (Cousin) where the Wench-
 es are ?

Ierk. Yes, questionlesse.

Ieffr. I meane in the sense of —

Dorot. Yonder Gentlemen observe us : let's be gone.

Susan. Not yet (Mistris Dorothy.) Now I have drunke
 a cup of Sack, I must be in love with one of them, him
 that seemes most worthy of a gentleman.

Dorot. You have fall'n my glove.

Sus. I'le fetch it.

Exeunt from the Balcone.

Art. Blest accident ;
 Why doe you stop my hast ? let me embrace it.
 Thus with religious worship doe I kisse
 What your white hand hath hallow'd. Ha ! shee's gone,
 What envious mischiefe intercepts the meanes
 Of my desired happiness ! or have mine eyes
 Wasted their beames in gazing on the place

Where

Where I first saw her, to imagination
Fancying her figure.

Jeffr. Sure Cousin the gentleman is in love; he talks
very madly.

Artl. Where are the powers of my intellect?
Reason and understanding have forsaken
Their proper seates, and left strong passions
To triumph o're this captiv'd *Microcosme*.

Ierk. Now I see thou art mad: but prethee strive to
conceale it; the place is publique.

The sixth Scène.

Enter SUSAN by the middle Scène.

Susan. Pray you Sir, did you take up a Gentleumans
glove?

Artl. It was my happinesse, and 'twould be much in-
creased, if I might kisse the hand that wore it.

Susan. As I am a Gentleumans I shall be most carefull
to give your deserving their due commendations.

Artl. May I be bold to enter with you?

Susan. You are a stranger Sir, and it may give occasion
of jealousie. But I am my Ladies Gentleumans: I keepe
the key of her seerets, and if you please, her closet shall
conceale you; where you may dispose of Suckets and
Eringoe's for your refreshment. I pray Sir, call not a gen-
tleumans freeness immodesty.

Artl. My behaviour shall deserve your good opinion.

Susan. Truely Sir, a man could not stand better in the
conceit of a gentleman at first sight, then you doe in mine.
I hope your goodnesse will not misconster my readinesse to
humble my desires to your disposing.

Art. You teach me language which my selfe should use:
But if my gratitude doth seeme to want
Verball expression, I had rather act

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Then promise what I owe you.

Jeffr. This is pretty foolery, Cousin.

Susan. Sir, you appeare so repleat with goodnesse, that I presume you canno: but answer the desires of a gentleman, who prostituates her love at the feete of your acceptance.

Art. Doth she love me? what greater secret
Hath Nature in her Workes then sympathie!
I doe conceive a thousand fond expressions,
Which throng so fast, they choake the passage up,
That none can finde an issue.

Terk. Out of fooles Paradise : thou art in it. But pray
you Gentleman protract not his satisfaction with these
circumstantiall delayes. Whilst Mis. *Dorothy* and he are
busie, you and I will tast the Sweet-meats in your Ladies
Closet.

Susan. I understand you not.

Jeffr. He meanes you should lie under him.

Susan. Fie little one, that you should so offend the chaste
eares of a Gentleman. But to you Sir, the Load-stone of
my heart, that turnes it selfe at your motions pointing still
to the North of your Love.

Jeffr. Indeed Misstris 'tis a cold corner, pray turne it to
the South, and let my needle run in your Diall.

Susan. And since the ardor of my desires have urg'd my
blushes to discover them; let not your appearing worth
suffer such a disparagement to contemne a Gentlemans
willingnesse.

Art. How's this! why friend, did she not seeme to come
instructed (by direction) with an embassie
As to prepare my love?

Terk. No, no, she loves thee her selfe. Take her. Me
thinks shee's very beautifull; what pinken-eyes; what
a sharpe chin! Why her features transcend *Mopsa's* in
the *Arcadia*.

Jeffr. Hath she not studied it Cousin, thinke you? and
is

is transported to a humour of loving every man she sees.
I have known it in the Countrey in an age-decayed waiting-woman.

Arst. I cannot answer her; my heart is bigg
With other thoughts; which till I am deliver'd of,
I suffer torments.

Susan. Unfortunate Gentleman as I am, to be thus rejected.

Jeffr. Will you resigne your interest? I'll court her folly.

Arst. Take it,
But not t' abuse the others innocence.

Whilst I with sighes draw in th' unwilling ayre
Which she perfum'd at distance.

Jeffr. Pray Gentleman could you love me a little? I'm
very sportive.

Susan. Truly young Gentleman, I doe not know what
I may doe when you come to your full growth.

Jeffr. Blirt my Ladies Gentleman, who taught you to
scoffe at a mans person?

Susan. Cry ye mercy little Sir; you may be the father
of dwarfes. The sack begins to leave working and by this
time my Ladie expects her gentleman. Farewell, un-
kind Sir.

Goes forth by the middle Scene.

Ierk. Farewell loving Gentleman. She hath preven-
ted me. Sure friend she came but to mocke thee. 'Twas
little lesse then downeright impudence.

Jeffr. Let's to the Taverne Sir, and drownethis passion
in a cup of Canary.

Ierk. Come, come; I was ordained to doe thee good.
Thou knowst I had a Mistris, whose friends disliking my
wildnesse, marryed her to the Father of the Gentlewoman
whom thou lov'st (hornes be his punishment for it.) She
loves me still; and I doe not despaire of making him Cuc-
kold. Wee'l armes our selves with a quart or two, and
then I'll bring thee to her.

Arst.

Ariet. Ayd me love, wit and fate ; that my desires
Burne not themselves without her equall fires.

Ierk. More passions yet ! If thou the marke wouldest hit,
Let Sacke inspire thee : 'tis the Soule of Wit.

Jeff. Sack that makes Prophets ; gives a Poet birth :
And then a wench ; *Elysium* upon Earth.

Goe forth by the left Scene.

Act. 2. Scen. I.

*Enter SUSAN and WARRANT, by the
middle SCENE.*

SUSAN.

NOw I protest Mr. *Warrant*, you wrong the love of a Gentleman, in not imparting the cause of your discontent. Come not fees in roundly ? Doe not the Delinquents understand, I'le speake a good word for you ?

Warr. You are the onely object of my thoughts. 'Tis your beauty hath animated my presumptuous weaknes to expresse how much my desires are yours.

Susan. Alas Mr. *Warrant* how can a poore Gentleman deserve it ?

War. Yes, you have power of my Lady, and she much acquaintance at Court. A pardon might be got.

Susan. A pardon ! bleſſe me, for what ?

Warr. Not for murder ; but for killing (yet not a Man) fairely in the field.

Susan. Are you earnest ?

Warr. 'Tis not yet done ; onely I am resolv'd to doe it, were I but sure of my pardon.

Sus. If not a man, what then is it ?

Warr. A

Warr. A meere superfluous complement of state for
mality. One of my Ladys raising. A fellow that hath crossie
caper'd himselfe out of a Taylor into a gentleman Vsher.

Susan. Who Mr. Spruce? but have you chaleng'd him?

Warr. Yes, with all due forme and circumstance. The
weapon single Rapier; the place the *Piazza*; the time
this mooneshine night prettily before supper.

Susan. And your quarrel my love. Well Mr. Warrant; I
know a Gentleman hath interest in a Lord at Court, who
hath long beeene inward with her. I'll warrant your par-
don. But my Lady expects me. *Exit.*

Warr. Dearest part of my selfe: to get my pardon, here's
Spruce, now will I affront him.

The second Scene.

Enter SPRUCE by the middle Scene.

Spruce your being my Ladys Gentleman Vsher, her pream-
bulator or her answere, must not protect you in the com-
petition of Mrs. Secretarys wife.

Spruce. Warrant, thou art a scribb'd shred of basenesse
to twit me with my Ladys favours, and mine owne de-
servings. Mrs. Secretary is my Ladys gent. woman, and
I will love her by privilege.

Warr. By privilege, Spruce! Thou art a Baboone of
formality, and an ape of court-ship. When I have kill'd
thee, and get my pardon, I will have thy skin stuff'd; and
with a protection shew thee at countrey Faires and Mar-
kets for a *Ginney Pigmie*.

Spruce. Warrant, thou art the *Epitome* of my Masters au-
thority, and the abridgement of his justiceship.

Warr. Spruce, thou art a very ioute, bred in thy crossie-
leggd profession; that having tuckt a little bloud of Gen-
tility, instead of thy usuall bread breakfast, art growne to a
sawcy familiarity, with thy maintainers. Thou buy'st thy

laundry in Long-lane or Houndsditch with the impudenc
of a cheater.

Spruce. Warrant, thou lyest.

*Warr. How I lie. That some-body were here to stand
betwixt us. Come not neere me, lest I blast thee with the
breath of my just indignation.*

*Spruce. Keepe at distance Warrant, lest I lame thee, and
send thee from Constable to Constable in a Wheele-
barrow.*

*Warr. For this Spruce I will not compassionate the good
parts which my Lady commends in thee. Thy Fiddle-
sticke shall not save thee; nor thy capring lift thee an inch
from the ground which I have laid for thy destruction.*

*Spruce. Warrant, thou art the very parings of a Pedan-
ticke to flout the compleatnesse of education. Because thy
dulnesse is capable of no more then to frame *Hetroclites*
from mens names, and scribble a warrant or a *mittimus* by
a president; yet thou art a Justices Clerke.*

*Warr. And thou a' Ladies Gentleman Visher, a bundle
of complementall follyes sticke up with how-dee's. I
will send thee anon upon a visit to the Divell.*

The third Scène.

Enter SUSAN, by the middle Scene.

*Susan. Fie Mr. Spruce and Mr. Warrant, how loud you
are! my Ladie heares your noise, and is offended.*

*Spruce. Yes, my Rapier and mine arme shall maintaine
it upon his life, I love you best.*

Susan. Indeed Mr. Spruce and I love you.

*Warr. I'le maintaine it against the life of all the world,
I love you best.*

Susan. Truly Mr. Warrant and I love you.

Spruce. He that offers to love her besides my selfe, dies.

*Susan. Mr. Spruce and Mr. Warrant, send but for one
bottle*

bottle of Sack, and be friends ; I'le love you both.

Warr. I'le brooke no Rival.

Spruce. Nor I ; death must determine it.

Warr. Remember then, I must to the Cutlers.

WARRANT goes forth by the middle Scene.

Susan. Though I am but a waiting-woman, I have more wit then to believe this is earnest. As if I did not know them to bee as arrant Cowards, as a Justices Clerke or Gentleman Vsher can be ; and deserve rather to be whipt by a Satire, then rewarded for their valours with the love of a gentleman. But Mr. *Spruce* doe you meane to fight ?

Spruce. Yes, and kill him too. I feare nothing but death and the Gallowes ; from which you may save me.

Susan. As how ? the meanes.

Spruce. Begg me, I say beg me. Let not my good parts be made unusefull by an untimely turne at *Tyburne*. Me thinks I see the pittifull spectators condoling me. The fish-wives drowning their dead soles with salt water from their eyes ; the Oyster-wives weeping for me in most lamentable pickle. An hundred Chamber-maids running stark mad, and as many more falling into the greene sicknesse with longing for me. Begg me therefore (I say) resolveto begg me, and make great hast. It is my feare above death, that otherwile some rich City Heyre will prevent you. Resolve therefore to be the first that shall begg me.

Susan. As I am a Gentleman Mr. *Spruce*, if you kill him fairely in a duell ; and upon no base advantage I'le doe it.

Spruce. Confirm it then with a kisse, and inspire an Heros/ean valour into me.

Susan. By no meanes at this time. I'le kisse you at the gallowes. My Lady.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The fourth Scene.

Enter LADY, and DOROTHY by the middle Scene.

Lady. You see how my obedient youth
Hath joyn'd it selfe with an unequall mate ;
You aged father, onely to satisfie
The Provident will of Parents. Doe you so,
Fortune hath made me now your Mother.
Had nature don't, my care could not be greater,
Nor more my providence to dispose your good.

Doroth. Mother, the duty which I owe my Father
You (being his) must share : and this expreſſion
Of more then common love, I must repay
With more then common gratitude.

Lady. Then tell me,
Now time hath given your age perfection ;
Your roses are full blowne, and fit for gathering.
Doe you not long for a husband ?

Doro. Not with much earnestnes : I have as yet
No passionate desires ; as yet no breath
Poyson'd with *Hyperbolical* flatteries
Hath courted my poore beauty ; no deep-vowes
Have paid idolatrous sacrifice of service
To my faire hand, whose whitenes if but kis't
Can purifie a soule. Beleeve me yet
The man's a stranger to my knowing memory
That ever said he lov'd me.

Lady. But take heed :
There are a sort of fond effeminate men,
Deepe studiēd in discursive complement,
That many times will wast more ayery language
To take a folleme leave, then would make up
A City Oratour.
Beware that no ſuch oyle-tongu'd amorift

Sigh

Sigh forth his passions in thy credulous eares,
And captivate thy weaknesse. 'Tis their practise
To glory in diversity of Mistresses :
And when one frownes or chides their over-daring
With a repulse, will not stick to revenge it
With a foule defamation of her honour.

Susan. Neither can a Gentleman be in love now and
then but she is censur'd.

La. Let not thine eares drink in their *Rhetorick* charms,
Lest they bewitch thy glorious understanding
To dote on their pretences, which perhaps
Shall be chaste love for it's Creations end :
When but their covetous hopes preferre a portion
Before your beauty, birth or education ;
And yet perhaps there is disparitie
'Twixt lower fortunes, and their weake desert.
Deceit's a cunning baud, and many times
Makes virtue prostitute it selfe to misery.

Doroth. There is a power
Call'd Fate, which doth necessitate the will,
And makes desire obedient to it's rule.
All the resisting faculties of reason,
Prevention, feare and jealousie are weake
To disanull what in it's firme decrees
Is once determin'd. Yet my heart is free ;
Vnbonnded by the stricter limits of
Particular affection : so I'll keepe it.
No proud ingratefull man shall ever triumph
O're the captiv'd sweets of my Virgin love,
Nor a vain-glorious gull that offers service
To every nored beauty, boast my favour.
I'll cloath my thoughts in humorous observation ;
And if on any that sollicits love
I fixe a liking, I'll refer my selfe
To what is destin'd for me.

Lady. The resolution's noble; I commend it.

The fifth Scene.

Enter LITTLEYVORD and Mrs. TONGALL, by
the middle Scene.

Lady. Welcome Mistris Tongall; welcome. You are the onely company in the neighbour-hood. A Ladie can ill be without you.

Tong. This Gentleman Madame, whom I presume to commend to your Ladiships acquaintance, is of worthy birth and education: the *Littlewords* are not moderate; besides their Ancestors were great Philosophers.

Susan. And the latter great fooles.

Tong. Goe, and talk to her. I'll tell your Ladiship a strange thing of the *Little-words*. In seven generations there was but one girl, and shee dyed an infant. Contrariwise of the *Tongalls* there's but one man left, that's my Husband, and he's a Lawyer: now your Ladiship knowes hee gets nothing but wenches. Speake to her Mr. *Littleword*.

La. Is the Gentleman of so good education?

Tong. Extraordinary Madame; hee's a wit. I would my *Lyddy* were worthy of him, he should seek no further. I pray Mr. *Littleword* speake to her.

Lady. Can he Poetise Mrs. Tongall?

Tong. Excellently Madame; shee hath things in print. His next dedication shall be to your Ladiship. Why doe you not goe and talk to her?

Lady. What estate hath he?

Tong. Five hundred a yare present possession, more in reversion. This Gentleman, Mrs. *Dorothy*, is my friend, and desire's to bee your servant. I have made way now, why doe you not speake to her? I am bold to commend him to your liking.

Doro. Pray you Mrs. Tongall, what wages takes he?

Tong.

Tong. You mistake Mrs. Dorothy; 'tis your love hee would serve you for.

Doro. That's a cold reward; a Livery would keepe him warmer.

Tow. Fie, that you will not speake to her. And how doth your Ladiship like an old man?

Lady. A coldbed fellow. But Religion and Conscience. Now 'tis done I must love him. Would hee were not jealous.

Tong. None are so confident (Madame) as cuckolds. But your Ladiships knowne vertue will soone put out the eyes of his suspition. Speake to her Mr. Littleword.

Susan. I would not now for all the Sacke in Spaine my loving humour were upon mee. This dumb Gentleman would make me forswearre the qualitie.

Doro. Sure Mris. Tongall your friend would make an excellent midwife; he can keepe secrets.

Tong. 'Tis his modestie Mris. Dorothy. Bless mee that you would not speake to her.

The sixth Scene.

Enter IERKER, ARTLOVE and IEFFREY,
by the middle Scene.

Ierk. Madame, I am bold to commend this Gentleman, who will deserve your acquaintance.

Artl. As far as my power will extend to expression.

La. You are welcome Mr. Jerker and this Gentleman, and shall bee whilst your visits are seasonable. But you know I have a jealous husband.

Ierk. There are medicines to cure it Madame.

Jeffr. May not I salute the Ladie Cousin?

Ierk. 'Tis but courtesie and manners.

Jeffr. I am bold with your Ladiship's lip.

La. 'Tis marvell you blush not. So bold and so young!

By

COVENT-GARDEN.

By that time you come to your full growth pretty Gentleman, you'll make up the number of the ten Worthies. *In w.*
Jeff. Madame, I am neither infidell, Jew, nor good Christian; though I am little, I dare be your Ladishipe's Champion in an active skirmish.

Tong. This 'tis to be backward; you'll never thrive in any thing unles you ar more forward. *Loe such an opportunity with not speaking to her!*

Lady. Secretarie.

Susan. Madame.

Lady. Goe, and direct the Cooke.

S. V. A. N. goes for by the middle Scene.

Aril. How on a sudden my resolvs are numb'd,
 And frozen into silence, that confirmes
 The first distrust of my knowne indelevings.
 I dare not speake.

Doroth. Shall I have another dumb servant? Are you not well Sir?

Aril. Well Ladie yes. Health it selfe
 Is a disease in others, if compar'd
 With th' absolute health of mine. Where you are present
 Sicknesse can have no power over fraultie.
 The besmes which your bright eyes shoot, purifie
 The most infectious ayre. Your words distill
 A Balme more precious then that Miracle
 The *Chyncks* dicame of. *Chyncks* dicame of
 At distance I have often seene your beauty;
 And thence receiv'd a fire, whose quickning flames
 Did animate my soule, that else was earthy,
 A lump of passive dulnesse; now 'tis active:
 And if you please to cherish it, shall pay
 All it's derivative abilities
 Vnto your lowest service.

Doro. You too much flatter my unworthiness:
 And in that likewise detagine
 From your owne fulnesse of admired merit.

Thun-

Th' vnskilful'st *Physiognomist* may read
 In your bright forehead, and your formes exactnesse,
 A man replete with all perfections.
 Whose very superfluities might be
 Additions to the barren worts of others.

Ierk. And can there be greater disparity?
 Would it not seeme a Prodigie in nature,
 To have greene Summer with her rose-crown'd head,
 Kisse the white icicles from Winters beard?
 Extinguish her bright fires in his cold bosome?
 Madame, I know your sportive Youth desires
 A more proportion'd mixture. Come, let's strike,
 Fire put to fire increaseth active Flames;
 Contraries dull each other with confusion:
 Such are the frozen kisses of your Husband,
 Vnto your warme delights.—

Art. Ladie, if any worth appeare in me
 It must derive it's fulnesse from your liking:
 Had I intus'd into me all the excellency
 Of those *Heroicks* whom the Poets fain'd;
 Were I made up with all Perfections
 That Fiction ever painted, to expresse
 Desert in freshest colours;
 Vnlesse you cal'd it worth, 'twere but a subiect
 For base contempt, though popular admiration
 Gav't divine Attributes. Since you commend
 The facultie's your whitenesse must dispose of.—

Jeffr. Aske your husband leave! by this hand I would
 not aske an Alderman leave to Cuckold him. So he might
 take example from a Citty kinde one, whose Wife long'd
 to kisse a Lord: upon which he grew so proud for being
 exalted above the rest of his neighbours, that he would
 suffer none to Cuckold him ever after but Lords.

Dorot. By no meanes Sir. (solture.
 Wrong not your judgement, which must needs bee ab-
 The choice of me

COVENT-GARDEN.

Is too inferiour to your richer value.

The *Cyprian Queen* had shee but seene your face,
Would ne're have dy'd the roses with her blood,
Wept on their palenesse for *Adonis* losse:
But circled in a ring of all her graces
Court your celestiall forme upon the bosome
Of some more fragrant *Tempo*.

Art. She mocks me sure.

Dor. Did *Syrens* heare your voice they would give o're
Their own malitious charms: and through the witchcraft
Of it's more powerfull musicke, rage with madnesse:
Leaving their proper element to dye
In the pursuit of sweeter melody.

Art. This grosse flattery, Ladie,
Commends your wit, rather then your good nature.
My heart is a plaine heart, and my desires
Are truly vertuous, not to be contemn'd.

Lady. Fie, Mr. *Jerker*! besides the words incivility,
I did not expect such absurditie in a reputed wit. Could
you not haue couch'd it better; shall I have leave to doe
your Ladiship a piece of night service; or so. Come,
come, forbear these wicked sollicits, or I shall disclaime
the promise of my favours reversion when my old Hus-
band die's, if nature be not mercilesse, and I goe first.

The seventh Scene.

Enter Sir GENEROUS WORTHY, and young WORTHY,
by the middle SCENE.

Sir Gen. Ha! what's here! Courtship on all hands?

Lady. My Husband.

Dor. My Father, and my Brother.

T. Worthy. I like not this.

Sir Gen. Mr. *Jerker*, you are welcome, I hope; having
fail'd in his old, hee hath not a new fuit; that as I made
her

her a Ladie, shee should bestow an horavourable Crest upon mee.

Ierk. Let his jealousie conster it into truth.

Lady. He shall neuer be but a Vnorne.

Ierk. Madame, however I appeare in my wildnesse, I shall continue to your Ladiship in my first desires. So with this tribute of my devotion.

Art. I would first kisse your hand.

Dorot. My lip being too unworthy.

Tong. I take my leave Madame.

Lady. Farewell Mistris Tongall.

Sir Gen. Son, schoole your Sister. Come with me Wife.

T. Wor. Sister, I can but wonder much, that you *Ex.* Should make your selfe the object of their Courtship, Who beare perhaps but th' empty names of Gentlemen, Without the reall fulnesse.

Doroth. What meane you (Brother) by this introduction?

T. Wor. Sister, to take the priviledge of discretion, And schoole your ignorant courtesie, that upon The shadowes and appearances of Men Conser your favours.

Dorot. Brother, you may pretend your love In this distrust; but 'tis an ill expression.

Thinke not my judgement subject to such weaknesse, That I can build a faith on Complements, Or (with rash passion) run into an error.

Nothing but knowne desert shall tye my thoughts To a staid liking, if I may distinguish it.

And when my choice is fixt, it shall be such *As your fraternall love must not dispute.*

T. Wor. Sister, my counsell's milde, Nor would I have you violent in defence Of a suspected folly. Guilt is aptest To make excuse. But if your resolution Be bent thus wilfully to persist in actions

COVENT-GARDEN.

Offear'd dishonour, be assur'd my Spirit
Shall rage with such an anger, playes ne're painted.

Dorot. Dishonour Brother, I have a spirit too,
That scornes as much an Act of foule dishonour,
As you, or any Masculine pretender
To noble Vertues. Guilt is aptest still
To be suspitious. If a maid be free
In her discourse, and courteous entertainment,
She straight is censur'd. But let a man appeare
Stuck ful of apish Courtship; light, inconstant,
As talkative as Parrats, that ate taught
A voyces imitation; one that courts
Every tam'd beauty with a seeming zeale;
As if his soules devotion were restrain'd
Only to her Divinitie; this man's call'd
A well-bred complementall Gentleman.
Mens greatest follies, if compar'd with ours,
Are vertues, fit for our imitation.

T. Wor. Sister, your *Satyr* smart's not:
The lashes reach not me.

Dorot. They are but suppositions Brother.
And pray suppose the Gentleman that seem'd
To court my beauty, were indeed a man,
Not guilded imperfections; one whose words
Were full of weighty judgement, not mere sound;
Whose reall vertues did beget an envie,
Perhaps an emulation in all others;
And from the freedome of his richer minde
He gave himselfe and them to be my servants;
What gratitude in me might equall this?

T. Wor. I know you are free.
And rather then a complementall servante
Should be discourag'd in his serious wantonnesse,
You'll give it countenance to make him bold
In's amorous pursuit; perhaps to th' impudence
Of a lascivious charge upon your modestie;
Because you scorne ingratitude.

Dorot.

Dorot. Brother, did not the ties
Of love and nature check my forward aptnesse,
I'de tell you y'are not noble, and suspect
Whether your mind hold that derivative goodnesse
Which generous bloud communicates, to suspect
Her resolute constancie whom you call Sister.
Thinke not y'out being a man prerogative
To be the onely Counsellor in manners
Brother, though to your person I am partiall.
Through confidence of your appearing vertue;
The generall vices noted in your sexe,
Such as with publique ostentation
You glory to be guiltie of, which in
Our very thoughts raise blushes——

T. Wor. Sister no more.
Leaving these circumstantiall arguments,
Pray let a Fathers care and Brothers love
Commend him first whom you intend for Husband:
You'll finde us tyrants else. Nature is kind;
But if provokt, she hath a *Tygers* mind.
Ile finde him out and satisfie my selfe
How farre he is deserving.

Goes forth by the middle Scene.

Dorot. How is our weaknes trodden and insulted on
By these imperious men! Aid me resolves
Against their threats and counsels, unlesse grounded
On stronger reasons then suspition.
As the pure Oare refin'd exceeds in value
Treble proportions of the courser drossie;
So true desert in Man an outward glosie.

Goes forth by the middle Scene.

Act. 3: Scæn. I.

Enter DOROTHY and SUSAN, in
the BALCONE.

Susan. Come Mris Dorothy; here's a Moone would
make a great bellied uman long for grene cheese. Me
thinks 'tis pleasant taking the ayre by Moone-shine.

Dorot. But 'tis not so healthfull. The night infects the
ayre with unwholsome vapours.

Susan. A figg for these Physicall observations. I have
knowne a Doctors prescriptions cast down a Gentleman
for three quarters of a yea're. But if ever I lie under any of
them for the grene sicknes.

Dorot. Fie upon thee.

Susan. Why I doe not meane naughtines. But what
doe you thinke made me so earnest to have you hither?

Doroth. Some wanton humour. You have dranke a
cup of Sacke, and want a handsome Gentleman to bee in
love with.

Susan. No such matter. Ile not drinke a drop more till
towards supper. I brought you to see a Duell.

Doroth. Bless me; betwixt whom?

Susan. My Ladies Gentle-man, and Mr. Warrant.

Doroth. They are unequally weapon'd. Mr. Spruce,
though hee be a Tailor weares a — the foolish rime runs
in my head. I had almost said a dagger, but 'tis a sword;
and my Fathers Clerke hath only his inkhorse.

Susan. And that's a terrible one. But I saw the Cutler
bring him a sword; I saw it naked, which was enough
to fright many a gentleman. I saw him trie it on a bar of
iron in the kitchin; and many more fearfull preparations.

Doroth.

COVENT-GARDEN.

3

Dorot. But will not you prevent them?

Susan. By no means, unlesse there were more danger. 'Twill be mirth for this twelve-month, if our eyes (through this imperfect Moone-light) can but reach the sight of them. What confident daring will be betwixt them at some great distance?

Dorot. And what's their quarrell?

Susan. The love of a Gentleman, I assure you.

Dorot. Your selfe perhaps.

Susan. No otherwise indeed. My beauty is the object of their valour. The Combatants will enter presently. The Knight of the *Inkborne*, and the Knight of the *Spanisb Needle*.

Doro. Both affecting the Lady of the *Closet*. But Mrs. *Secretary*, what if my Lady Mothers Chamber-maid and *Joane* in the Kitchen were here?

Susan. For you to make them Ladies, as you have done me. Indeed they might serve by Moone-light; the day perhaps would discover a greasie Gentry.

Dorot. Fie; now you forget your selfe.

Susan. 'Tis ordinary for a waiting-Gentleman but newly made a Lady to forget her selfe. But see, I am prevented from proceeding. Let us observe.

The second Scène.

Enter *WARRANT*, and a little after him *SPRUCE*,
by the middle Scène.

Warr. 'Tis a good sword; it cost me two pieces. No matter. Many a mans death hath cost more at the Phy-sicians. Who would be afraid to kill a man; when hee is sure of his pardon?

Dorot. Hee is now in so ne deepe meditation of your beautie.

Susan. See Mistris, there's the other.

SPRUCE.

Spruce. That sure is *Warrant*. I'le goe this way. It shall never be said I went after a man to kill him, though I am confident Mistris *Secretary* will begg me.

Dorot. They goe contrary wayes. Wee shall not see the fight. They meane to meeete and end it at the *Antipodes*.

Warr. But what should I thinke of killing him? I know hee dare as well take the wall of a drunken Constable, or justle a Buffe-coat leading a wench, as meet me.

Susan. Me thinks I perceive them stand.

Spruce. Yes, yes; 'tis *Warrant*: I smell him hitherto.

Warr. Is not that *Spruce*? certainly 'tis hee. Me thinkes I see him tremble hitherto. Hee dare not come neere me; and I scorne to goe to him to kill him: It may hinder my pardon. Therefore he shall assault me first.

Dorot. Why, they are fixt. Hath not feare congeal'd them into stones?

Susan. Dissolv'd them rather into gelley.

Warr. That some good fellow would but come and beat the cowardly Rascall.

Spruce. That some Sharke would come now and take away his hat or cloake.

Susan. Now could I fancy in my imagination what they say. Mr. *Warrant*. O that I had this Coward *Spruce* here: I would dismember him; and then what Gentleman would care a rush for him? Now Mr. *Spruce* hath studien the *Arcadia*. He sayes. Oh that I had this *Warrant* here I would cut him into *atomes*; that wheresoever the Sun shines, the trophies of my renowned victorie might bee visible.

Aarr. That he would but come a little neerer.

Spruce. That hee were but within twice my swords length.

Warr. I would I had but a leg or an arme of him, since he will not come, that I may kill him.

Spr. That I had but his head here; how I would shave it.

The

The third Scene.

Enter RALPH and DOBSON by the left Scene.

Ralph. This is the vertue of Sack boy. Who would toile in durt for whay and butter-milke, or the windie juice of Pome-waters upon Sundayes? Now could I be as valiant as—nothing.

Dob. I could fight with an Army of Polecats, so they were not Women.

Ralph. I could take the wall of three times three Taylors, though in the morning, and at a Bakers itall.

Dob. That were a way to have thy skin bodkin full of ilet holes.

Ralph. If I should throw downe three or fourre postes.

Dob. What then?

Ralph. What then? why, I would not stay to take them up.

Susan. Who are these? observe.

Ralph. Give me an armour of Sack; I am shot-free.

Dob. Whilst my Master paye's the reckoning.

Susan. Misstris Doroshy, I have fallen'd on a designe for rare sport. My friends.

Dorot. Will you talk to strangers in the street?

Ralph. What say you pretty paire of Wag-tailes? doe you want Play-mates?

Susan. Will you doe a courtesie for a Gentleman?

Ralph. Within dores, or without?

Susan. You feeme to be valiant.

Dob. They that tric us shall finde our mettall.

Susan. Perceive you not two men yonder in severall places?

Ralph. Wee see somthing, but they may as well be blockes.

Susan. For any manhood that's in them? If you will but

COVENT-GARDEN.

beat them a little, besides a Gentleman's thankes, some other reward shall attend it.

Ralph. How are we sure they are Cowards?

Susan. You may trust the word of a Gentleman.

Dabs. Come, come, thou standest doubting like a cowardly foole. These may bee Gentlewoemen of good fashion, and apt to take fire at valour. Who knowes what preferment's neere us? We have persons.

Ral. Why then forwards: call upon Sack, *Dobson*, Sack.

Warr. Who are these come towards me? my courage begins to have an ague.

Spruce. Who may these be? my wish (I hope) some good fellowes to rob him.

Dobs. What was our Commission *Ralph*? to beat them, and not kill them.

Ralph. To kill them and not hurt them? Call upon Sacke, *Dobson*: I begin to be afraid. I can perceve his sword: he shakes it fearefully.

Dobs. Draw thine then; and sack, sack the walles of *Troy*.

Warr. The rogue *Spruce* hath sent them to beate me. 'Tis so. I must shift for my selfe.

Ralph. Sirrah, thou man of feare and trembling. Call upon Sacke, *Dobson*.

Warr. Alas, what meane you Gentlemen?

Ralph. Not so gentle neither. Wee are fiery furious, and command thee in the name of Sack, resigne thy weapon; and submit to be corrected by our valour.

Warr. Kinde Gentlemen, I hope you'll not kill me. I'll doe any thing, rather then be kill'd.

Ralph. A handsome beating shall asswage our fury.

Warr. Sweet Gentlemen, I'll doe any thing rather then be beaten.

Spruce. 'Tis so; they are robbing him, and I scorne to aid him. Teach the rogue to be such a coward: he might have come to me.

Dobs.

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Dob. Are you prepar'd Sir?

Warr. Mercifull Gentlemen: I have some money, a Cloake and a good Beaver: I'le give you all, and forgive you too, so you'l not beat me.

Dob. This was beyond our expectation.

Ralph. Our mercy may bee brought to a composition, But should we be pitifull, could you be content, since you cannot fight in your owne defence, to lye in our defence.

Warr. I'le say or sweare any thing, rather then be kill'd or beaten.

Ralph. That we did beat you?

Warr. That you left mee dead. I'le lye at a Surgeons, these two moneths; and pretend that my skull was broken in twelve places; that halfe my braines were parrifed and taken out. I'le be mad all my life after to confirme people in the beleife of it.

Ralph. Depart then, and praise us.

Warr. Yes, at the gallowes. I'le have you hang'd for robbing me: I shall teach you to attempt any thing on a Justices Clerke.

Goes forth by the right Scene.

Susan. Nay, pray you stay a little longer.

Dorot. I am wcarie; weel imagine the rest done, I'le lend my Brother forth to make them friends.

Exeunt from the Balcony.

Spruce. 'Tis done sure. Now will I home, proclaimme him a coward, and triumph. Ha' I doe they way-lay mee! the rogue hath hir'd them to beat or rob me. An ague of feare is upon me. Now could I wish my selfe transform'd into a beast, and have fourre legs. These two which have beeene my most usefull members will surely faille.

Ralph. Sirrah, you Raskall.

Spruce. You mistake Sir, I am a Gentleman Vlster.

Ralph. Then thou abuser of wit and good cloathes, be mannerly, and uncover to thy betters.

Spruce.

COVENT GARDEN.

Spruce. I hope Gentlemen you doe not meane to rob me? Trust me, I have no money, but a fewe farthings of my Ladies to give poore people.

Ralph. We will be satisfied with a small diminution of your plentifull Wardrobe. Wee know you have more Cloakes and Beavets at home.

Spruce. No I protest Gentlemen. I have but this onely case for my Carkasse: and 'twill not be quite paid for til the next quarter.

Dobs. Why then Sir, we will beat you handsomly, and that shall allay our fury.

Spruce. Nay kinde Gentlemen, I had rather stand to my Ladies bountie, then be beaten.

Ralph. Why then thanke our mercy and depart, whilst we like honest theefe share our booty.

Spruce. And I find out the Constable.

Goes forth by the right Scene.

The fourth Scene.

Enter ART LOVE by the left Scene.

Art. How glorious shews heaven with trembling lights
Spangling their distant beames! The full orb'd Moon
Borne on nights dewie wings, rides in her Sphere;
And throwes the shine which from her brothers rayes
She borrowes to illuminate the earth
Through thinner ayre, where no condensed vapours
Are interpos'd to let her piercing eye
From seeing that which she gives sight to. Yet
My heart is wrapt in clouds of leaden sadness
Love is not that in me which others feigne it.
I dreame not of delights; my busie fancie
Presents no fabulous heaven. A hell of torment
Darken's my mind's bright faculties; and reason
Suffers it selfe to be ecclips'd by passion.

Dobs.

Dob. Now wee are enter'd Ralph, what if wee made
this our profession? many a one lives by it.

Ralph. And many a one is hang'd for it.

Aril. Oft have these instruments of heavens influence
Scene my contemplative watchings;

When with profound and an unwearied search
I have scan'd the causes of their great effects;

And waded through the most inscrutable secrets,

Both of the mediate and immediate nature;

But comming once to read a Womans face,

There were so many heavens, that every thought

In me, requir'd a severall understanding,

To give each severall grace a sev'ral name,

And definition.

Dob. Now we are enter'd Ralph.

Ralph. Not much of the gallows without a hangman.

Aril. The Chaos and the Earth were loves first Parents,

And yet the child did give the Parents forme,

What Riddles are in nature!

Man's a disorder'd Mass, a mere confusion,

Of rude, inanimate sense and understanding,

Vnstill inspir'd with loves diviner soule,

The sealc is tir'd, unless it varyc's objects,

Knowledge would be finite, were not the mind,

Delighted with diversitie.

Ralph. Now we are enter'd Ralph.

But love's a subject for eternall studie,

And one faire booke preserv'd so, a full library,

Dobson. I am resolv'd, I'll not spare man, woman nor

child, whilst the sack works,

Ralph. For women and children let me alone, if I fall

upon the one, I'll soone get the other,

Aril. What fabulous errors learning is atteneded with!

Plato's five Worlds; their sempiternitie;

Pythagoras transmigration; and opinions

Judgement would blush to farther. But a woman,

Did men contemplate such a one as I do,

They'd Make her all those Worlds; and then include
All the fam'd excellency of former beauties
In her more perfect frame.

The fifth Scene.

Enter young Worthy by the middle Scene.

T. Wor. Is't possible such new of resolution
Should appear in Cowards? We make them friends.
And that being done mine owne intentions
Must be perjur'd to finde that Gentleman
Courted my Sister. Love of all sorts bends
It selfe to courses for it's severall ends.

Dobs. Now for a daring Constable.

Ralph. Without his blade of authoritie, or a fortification
of Sack, A Constable may be valiant when hee commands others
What he cannot doe himselfe.

T. Wor. What if my paire of valiant Cowards i friends
already.

Dobs. How I Cowards? I walow that word, or it shall
choaketh thee.

T. W. These fellowes have our gone their Commission
and rob'd them: I was a wilc man to come abroad without
a sword.

Ralph. Hee hath never a sword. Sirrah, thou man of
presumption, that hast profan'd our incomparable valour,
redeeme thy forfeit life of our mercie with some gold
or silver pictures out of thy filken pockets.

T. Wor. They l rob me too: Why, Gentleman, filke
clothes have noe money in them at all times.

Ralph. He looks terribly Dobson. Call upon Sack.
Dobs. I will cleave him at one stroke.

T. W. Doe you meane to murther a Gentleman?

Art. Murder a Gentleman the yoyce came thence.
I'll rescue him, though danger and destruction

Merime with open mouthes. Villaines, deſt. H. Now I

T. W. You have done a benefit I must acknowledge tois
Artl. That's to reward it sir; from which base ends
Good actions should be free. I'de gladly heare the answr to

A short relation of the Accident. of a bold bloudy bold W

Dobs. Why doſt thou quake ſo Ralph? high noon mod bna

Ralph. Why doſt thou tremble ſo Dobſon? I dare beſt
whipt if theſe bee not ſome kin to the Gentlewoman that
ſent me hither from the thing at yonder houſe. of T. Artl.

T. W. Were you ſent to rob or kill me? of T. Artl.

Dobs. Alas Gentlemen, we are every iugram not bold W

Ralph. Meere Country Animals. Wee have talour to
ſteale a May-pole, or rob the Parsons Hens-neſt: but to
kill a man as far from our intents or daring, as pitie from
an Executioner, or baſhfulneſſe from a Jingoe. of T. Artl.

T. W. Forbeare the reſt. This affords me matter. Re. Turne
to that houſe, there leave your booke and receive
your reward: onely this I'le keepe. of T. Artl.

Ralph. With all our hearts: wee had rather any body ſhould
have them, then the hangman hoth them and ſis
for them. Come Dobſon, we have got the money, yet ſand
a little ſack will anſWER us againe. My ſoul' ſunder foot of T. Artl.
I muſt raise it: But, if ever I quarrell againe by Mooneys
ſhine unlesſe I am diunk, valour forſake me. of T. Artl.

Goe forth by the left Scene. new beginning

T. W. Bleſt Accident b'tis ſurely the ſame. of T. Artl.
After a ſtricter viu, my memory of T. Artl.
Unleſſe it erres, tells me I have ſeen your person of T. Artl.
Before this at my fathers. of T. Artl.

Artl. If you are the ſon of Sir George Worby, of T. Artl.

T. H. It was the bleſſing of T. Artl. Nature and Fortune did bestow on me, of T. Artl.

Nature and Fortune did bestow on me, of T. Artl. and ſept 1609
Of noble Races are hereditary; of T. Artl. And ſept 1610
And doe deſerve themſelves from th' imitation. of T. Artl.

Of vertuous Anceſtors. You have a faire Sister. of T. Artl.

T. H.

T. Wer. Heilbeauftragter. Wohl gegen commandations. Beiwohnen I. und 2. Klasse. W. N. T.

Art. Your modestie is too severe.

In your restraint from praising her pure excellence,
Which should be Poets studies, notwithstanding fiction,
And common figures, like divine attributes and W. W. W.
They are but man's fancies, nothing but in itself.

Have I found you? I shall search you deeper.

Ans. The subject's weight would make a Poem weighty;
And take away the imputation
Which seeming solidness would throw upon't
Of a light fencer.

It seemes you love my Sister and he were a Devil did not love such goodness. It is the onely vertuous faultie boasts of, to love faire sensual objects, but my loue hath noed inward beauty in her mindes, which makes me glory (though it be presumption) that I doe love her.

21. Mr. Cal't not presumption fit you doe deserve her,
In that you have indear'd me for my wife
Who am her Brother. And I commend your wit
Which I presume my Sisters love hath whetted.
'Twas a quaint Plot. Weath' Actors here againe,
I'd pay their wages.

Art. Your Riddle needs some Octopus to solve it.

7. w. Why sir, ridiculous fables
May sometimes serve for imitation.
Though twere a mere appointment in this rescue,
To shew your love and valour.

Art. What base suspicion poisons his jealous thoughts? 'Tis injustice beyond all patience.

T. W. Alas sir, you are moy'd?

*Ans. Yes, to an indignation, whose just heat
Burns me almost to rage! But there are charms,*

April

COVENT-GARDEN.

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And spel's about you conjure downe my spirit.
You are her Brother.

Young. Wor. It seemes your guile dare not denie the
truth?

Artl. Dare not denie it!

Were thy hands armd with Thunder;
Hadst thou a *Gorgons* looke, wer't not her Brother,
Ring'd in the terror of a thousand Jibbets.
And executioners, I have a point
Should finde thy hart out.

T. W. But I must tell you sir,
Seldome high spirits that pursue their honours,
With earnest flights, will stoop at weake respects:
But prey upon th' opinion of those men
That scan their actions; tearing their reputations
Out of suspitions bowels. Hee's not a Gentleman
Will not preserve his honour;

Artl. Your speech, Sir,
Savours of strange severity. My honour
Is that part of my selfe, without which
The man that's in me can have no subsisting.
Honour's the greatest of exterior goods,
And must be still pursu'd as the reward
Due unto vertue, through the greatest dangers.
Yet fortitude is not the appetite
Of formidable things, nor inconsult
Rashnes; but vertue fighting for a truth;
Deriv'd from knowledge of distinguishing
Good or bad causes. Thinke me not a Coward
Because I am not rash: nor through defect
Of better counsell, doe not resist the force
Of will or passion; howsoe're your jealousie
Proceeding from our better thoughts infection
Hath beene a provocation. And perhaps
The love I beare your Sister, will appeare
Your chiefest safety.

T. Wor. In an attempt of right

G

I

COVENT GARDEN.

I have more fafetie heere then your preences
Can arme me with. But if you love my Sister,
It must be honourable and not wanton :
She will finde Champion's else.

Art. It must be honourable !
Those words include a doubt works strangely in me.
Love must not wrack my reputation.
Sir, I begin to scan the circumstance,
And conſter your intention. You would trie me :
But your temptations have beeene too abusive.
And now my resolution is prepar'd
To doe my credit justice.

T.W. You will not fight with me that am het Brother ?

Art. There's Magick in those words.

T.W. I doe preſume my Sister will reward you
For these exprefſions. She is free to pay
Her ſervants promis'd wages ; be it kiffes,
Or any other dalliance.

Art. What a prophane breath from his blacke mouth
Would poisonall the idolatrous religions
That e're aw'd wicked mortalls.
He is not ſure her brother, but ſome impostor,
That onely counterfei't his worthier person.
I could be patient at the lye, or Coward,
Or any thing that can make paſſion violent,
But her bright honour ſtaſt'd's a cauſe of juſtice
To arme a Nation. Draw, if th'art a man ;
And with the plea of valour, (if th'art any),
Defend thy errours : Draw thy ſword.

T.W. Not againſt him that loves my Sister.

Art. Is my just anger mockt' ! love made ridiculous !
Draw ; leſt I make my ſelfe an Executioner.
And doe an act of juſtice on thy guilt.

T.W. Never againſt your bosome, where a ſpirit
So truely noble dwel's, that hath converted
All my faign'd jealousy to uſfull love.

Art. I

Artl. I am confounded to amazement.

T. W. Pray reconcile all your distractions.

Let not the least distrust abuse your confidence
Of what I undertake. My Sister's yours,
If the advise of me that am her Brother,
And interested in her good or ill,
Can be prevailing.

Artl. Then requesting Sir,
That you'll presume no more upon the priviledge
Of that pure love I beare your vertuous Sister
To admit a jealousie of any action,
Or thought of mine which tends not unto noblenesse,
Next unto her my bosome holds you deare,
And shall doe ever.

T. W. So mine the like. Thus noble causes
Put fire into the spirits of full men.
Though sometimes seeming valour may arise
Through lust or wine, from hatefull cowardise.

Goe forth by the left Scene.

*Counte dearest sonnes, for I am
Gone to seeke my deare wife, and
Goe forth by the left Scene.*

Act. 4. Scæn. 1.

Enter TURKE and LEFFEY.

Drawer, by the left Scene.

Bo.

A Non, anon Sir, by and by.
Jer. Some more wine Boy. Is Mr. *Antonie* return'd?
Boy. Nor yet Sir. *Jeffrey.* Poore Gentleman; hee's complaining to the
Moone, or studying the event of his love in the Statues.
Mee thinks I could make a counterfeit expression of his
passions to the life.

G. 2. Drop

COVENT-GARDEN.

Drop from thy *Sphere*, thou silver Ministresse
 Of watry light; dance no unqual motions
 On thy fourre orbes; but quench thy paler fires
 In Lovers teares, that all in constancie
 May so be drown'd. I would I were in love Cousin,

Ierk. Before you are capable of it.

Ieffr. Why Cousin, is it not defin'd to be yonth's folly ?
 Indeed, all things in Youth are folly.

Ierk. Not so Coz, all folly may be in You: but
 But many times 'tis mixt with gravediscretion,
 That tempers it to use, and make's ie judgement
 Equall if not exceeding that which Palseys
 Hath almoft shaken into a disease.
 But why would you be in love Coz?

Ieffr. That I might Poetize: you know 'tis the onely
 dancing Master to teach the Art of Measures, though I
 have knowne Poets scarce able to stand on their feet.

Ierk. Then you would write *Satyses* Coz ?

Ieffr. 'Tis your dancing conceit. But the Grinkums
 Cousin cleaves not the feete.

Enter D A S H E R.

Ierk. Mr. Dasher, this freeness hath doubled the favor ;
 vizitus of your owne accord !

Dash. Gentlemen my selfe, and all that depends on my
 selfe, or onr anything that hath dependance on my selfe,
 is at your service.

Ieffr. I should desire your wife then.

Dash. Sweet young Gentleman, you are the *Epitome* of
 a faire body, and shall command the Commander of my
 selfe and family. I will but present a glane of Greeke
 Sacke to the hands of a noble Lord, and returne to serve
 you.

Exit.

Ierk. You have a vertue Sir, I could wish communi-
 cated.

Ieffr. What's that Cousin?

Ierk. To cozzen Cousin.

Ieffr.

Ieffr. And would you learne it?

Ierk. The *Theorie*, but not the *Practicke*. I converse much in Tavernes; and the use should onely be a thrifty prevention.

Ieffr. As my observation hath taught me somthing in a baudy house, where they cannot change money.

Enter DASHER.

Dash. Now Gentlemen dispose of your servant.

Ierk. Indeed Mr. *Dasher* our Wine's naught.

Dash. How I naught: I who drew it? name but your drawer; he is punisht whilst you pronounce it. I'll not keepe an offensive mouse that eats the crums under my table, but shall pay his life to doo you service. *Exit.*

Ieffr. Why Cousin, the Wine's good.

Ierk. I onely gave him matter for a complement.

Ieffr. 'Tis pitty to abuse him that is so apt to abuse himself. But what doe you muse on Cousin?

Ierk. I am studdying a conceited health.

Ieffr. Why to the long standing of Banbury May-pole.

Ierk. No Puritan will pledge that.

Ieffr. Yes, the Good-wives: they'll finde dancing a more wholesome exercise for the body, then some of their Doctrines for the Soule.

The Second Scene.

Enter ART LOVE and young WORTHY,

by the left Scene.

Ierk. Ar't come friend, and Mr. *Worthy*?

T. W. Our mutual loves.

Enter DASHER.

Dash. I am bound to serve you Gentlemen, and I wish my roofe were worthier, and my disordered houshond order'd to your content.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Art. We are bound to thanke your readinesse.

Dash. Gentlemen, your servant will send his servants to wait upon you presently. *Exit.*

Ierk. What accident brought you two together?

Art. The mercie of my Starres: but what event Their influence will direct, I cannot prophesie.

Frethee be carefull, hee's a *Cynick* noter

Of men and of their maners *Ierk.* If he bite, Here's that shall blunt his fangs.

Art. Good friend be milde;

Temper thy passions here. Scandal may grow

From low foundations to an heighth of infamy.

Thou know'st my temperance doth not oft frequent These publique places.

T. Wor. Sir, the relation 'twixt a son and father

May make you jealous of my partiall nature.

Trust me, I never yet was so indulgent

To mine owne weaknesse, that until my judgement

Had made a full distinguisment of causes,

I could bee violent in his defence

Farther then filiall dutie; which sometimes

Had stretcht it selfe to counsell and advice,

Against suspition. For though your wild behaviour

In some particular actions might provoke him,

Shee whom new dutie makes me now call mother

Hath given large testimonie of her vertue

Even to satisfaction of all goodnesse;

Although his age (in other things judicious)

Cannot so easily admitt belief,

And safer confidence.

Ierk. Though I appear

In outward carriage apt to make distrust

Condemne me vicious; yet my Soule retaines

(Besides a generous disposition

Deriv'd from noble blood) some scrupulous sparks

Of better conscience. Call it not selfe-flattery

In that I am mine owne defenses instrument.
 Report sufficiently may informe your knowledge,
 (Nor is it error) that my interest
 In her you now call Mother
 Was beyond all dispute : our equall loves
 Mov'd in one circle ; and our thoughts were fixt ;
 Nor can I varie ; shee's the object still
 Of my desires. I confess I use
 Wanton sollicites ; and should scarce resist
 My wishes satisfaction she consenting.
 But those delights would end in such a loathing,
 That I should never more have mercifull thought
 There can be any goodnesse left in Woman.

T. W. This jarres upon my heart-strings.

Ierk. Dos't distast you Sir,
 That I defend my selfe ?

T. W. You must not wrong my Father.

Ierk. I doe abhor the thought of injurie.

Nor shall my spirit fall in the just plea
 Of mine owne right.

T. W. But not to wrong my Father.

Ieffr. If he bee abusive, Cousin challenge him. I'le bee
 your second.

Ierk. Hee's not a Crane Coz.

Ieffr. Nor I a Pigmie; you mock my love.

Ierk. Your forwardnesse is dangerous.

Ieffr. Why, he can never have wit, that is not valiant.

I'le trie him my selfe, if not to disturb you Sir.

T. W. I thanke you little one.

Ieffr. How little one ! Is not that an affront Cousin ?

Ierk. 'Tis as you take it Coz.

Artl Fill some Wine boy : never a Drawer here ?

Enter DAGHER.

Dash. What Gentleman come to attend you? (whooh)
 An unlook'd for happiness ! but my unworthy selfe is
 prefer'd.

T. W.

COVENT-GARDEN.

T. W. An inferiour servant may serve, Mr. *Dafber*.

Dafber. I am the servant of my servant that shall serve you. And unless hee serve you he is not my servant. I'll tunre them all away presently for this neglect of your worthy Persons.

Exit.

Jeffr. Men weare swords Sir.

T. W. And boyes too sometimes.

Jeffr. You'll answer it?

T. W. Answer what Child?

Jeffr. Little one! Boy! Child! I shall bee degraded next to an infant.

Jerker. Fie Cousin, containe. The Gentleman cannot brooke it.

T. W. Yes Sir, hee can brooke any thing but wronging of his Father.

Artl. I pray no more, the subject is too harsh
To make good musicke in societie.

Jerker. Then here's a health to her that best deserves
The attribute of Faire: whose white and red
Prove what's lifes mixture. From whose forms exactnes
Rules of Proportion might be better drawne
Then from Arts Principles. To her whose Youth
Warmes Winters icie bosome with her Spring;
Yet will not wrong your Father. As it goes round,
Each give his Mithis some commanding Character.

Artl. Why then a health to her whose beauties are
Not a grose Earth, with painted superficies;
But a more sprightly Element of pure Fire.
Within whose *Sphere* a glorious Minde doth move
All th' orbes of vertue with celestiall flame.
Whose active climbings carry her desires
To th' utmost height of noblenesse and honour:
To her that calls you Brother.

T. W. Let not your love appere so full of flattery.

Jerker. Nay, Coz, 'tis true.

Jeffr. Then here's a health to her will freely put

Her sweets to use. Kisse, and be kist againe
 Without a fie. Whose boldnesse will not blush
 At an assault, or any wanton touch.
 And if a man persiit to farther doing,
 Accounts it losse of time, a tedious wooing.
 To her that I call Mistris.

T. W. Bravely come off Sir.

Ieffr. I can come on Sir.

Artl. Now Sir, 'tis yours.

T. W. This Sack shall then have my *Encomiums*.
 Which had the youthfull Father ever tasted,
 He would have left his rites to Poetize;
 And chang'd his Yvy Chaplets into Bayes:
 Vnchain'd his spotted Linxes, and supply'd
 His Chariots loftier course with *Pegasus*.
 And with bewitching numbers charm'd the gods
 To be his *Bacchanals*, that they might feast
 With this most heavenly *Nectar*.

Enter D A S H E R.

Ierk. Mr. Dasher, your Wine is highly commended.

Dash. I can assure you Gentlemen, the Grape from
 whence this Sacke was prest.—

T. W. Grew in Spaine.

Dash. I would have fetcht it farther Gentlemen to doe
 you service. A voyage to the *Indies* should bee no more
 then a descending into my cellar, and up agen.

Art. You have handsomely contracted your journey.

Ierk. But Mr. Dasher, you have an eminent House, ex-
 traordinary Wine and entertainment; but no Signe at first
 to distinguish it.

Ieffr. Me thoughts Cousin, the Logger-heads was a
 pretty conceit.

Ierk. Had there not beeene a third.

Dash. Gentlemen, I intended a paire of Scales with a
 glasse of Wine in one Ballance, and a piece of gold in the
 other, or a jewell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

T. Wor. An excellent conceit, to shew the value of good Wine.

Dash. Sweet Gentlemen, I am the servant of your noble wits, I must kisse the faire hand of an honourable Lord, who is now departing: I will then returne to be dispos'd by you.

Exit.

The thirde Scene.

Enter Sir Generous, young Worthy by the left Scene.

T. Wor. Sir 'tis my father.

Sir Gen. Ha I my sonne here; and Mr *Jerker*! I came i'th' person of authoritie, Invited by your noise. But that put off, Out of my love borne to the generall good, I doe advise you to be temperate: That the faire hopes conceiv'd of growing vertues Might not be lost. 'Tis pity that your wits, Which (joyn'd with some experience) might deserve To fill the seats of Magistracie, and be A speaking law) should spend themselves in places And acts of sin and shame; wherein severitie Oflaw and government must not be partiall. Therefore I pray no more of these disorders.

T. Wor. Pray Sir, take nothing ill. 'Tis the necessity Of his place: his disposition else is milder.

Jerk. Sir, we are Gentlemen; and by that priviledge Though we submit to politique Government In publique things may be our owne law-makers In morall life. If we offend the law The law may punish us; which onely strives To take away excesse, not the necessity Or use of what's indifferent, and is made Or good or bad by'ts use. We doe not drinke

To

To a distemper, and from thence derive
Th' original of mischiefs : nor is pleasure
Our law but temperance. Creation made
Every thing good, if we abuse it not.
Then good Sir, (though you find enormities
Amongst the rabble) be not so suspitious
Of our more carefull carriage, that are gentlemen.

Sir Gen. You have said to satisfaction
And more then I expected. Harke you sonne.

Art. I did not think th'adst beene so good an Oratour.

Ierk. Why friend? because wanton familiaritie
Make's us lesse serious when we are alone,
Must it necessitate we cannot speake
In a high cause? Cousin, you must be carefull
Of your behaviour: you are before a Iustice.

Jeffr. Why Cousin, have Iustices power over a mans
will?

Ierk. Some busie ones have arrogated much;
But being told their owne have ever since
Given Gentlemen a due respect.

Jeffr. I'le make a tryall here. Please you a little
To put off this severer gravitie;
And drinke a glasse of Sack. Your age is Priviledge
In what the law of moderation,
Denies our hotter blood.

Sir Gen. Pretty sweet Gentleman. Is't possible
That one so young, should have so gray a wit;
'Tis wanting many times in graver beards.
Please you Mr. *Ierk*, to bring these Gentlemen to my
house to supper. You'l find some emptie dishes.

Ierk. We know your table's plentifully furnish't.

Sir Gen. This was very good Sacke, neighbour. Pray
send me home a dozen Bottles. And keepe good orders.

Dab. The best orders that can be kept in my house,
or any office of my house shall bee at your Worships ser-
vice.

COVENT GARDEN.

Jeffr. Fogh; that complement stinckes.

Sir Gen. You are very courteous neighbour. Will you goe along with me Gentlemen!

Artl. We are your servants. 'Tis a blest opportunity.

Sir Gen. You shall now make tryall of my profest love.

Ierk. The reckoning M. *Dasher.*

Artl. Wee'l take the Barre in our way.

Goe forth by the left Scene.

Dasher. You'l doe mee honour to pay it there. Ten thousand welcomes wait upon you Gentlemen (whoooh) Come sirrahs be the *Mercury* of neatnesse, and nimbly set this disorder'd roome in order. Then give the gentleman below notice, that it is now ready to doe him service: Hee's like to be a bountifull guest. He talks of selling his Land, and being a Wit: but how can that agree together I yes, very well. A countrey Gentleman to sell his land, is as it were to change his copie: leave his knowne trade to project a better profit. Which changing of Copie here with us, ends many times in the citie freehold at Ludgate.

The fourth Scene.

Enter DUNGEORTH, RALPH and DOBSON,
by the left Scene.

Dash. Worthy Sir, I have now made ready a roome to entertaine your worthy person. My house was so cramd with Lords; and this especially with most choyce gentlemen, some of the admired wits, to which very name I owe respect and service.

Ralph. 'Tis a fine Chamber, it shines like a Gold-smiths shop in Cheap-side.

Dung. Twould much indeere mee to your kindnesse to bring mee acquainted with some of those Wits: you say they keepe their rendevous here many times. If I may mold-

mold my selfe capable I should gladly add to their number. Indeed, I have had but Countrey breeding.

Dob. City bringing up forsooth.

Ralph. Yes; for we ridd like mad men.

Dob. Questionlesse, Sir, there are of the wits some mercenary ones, whom your money may command to be your servants. But these are of a nobler traine. Howsoever, I will upon the next occasion shew my desire to doe you service.

Dob. Prethee *Ralph*, what be those Wits? A familie?

Ralph. No *Dobson*, they be of all tribes. Some are Iewes, and some are Gentiles. Some are noble both in blood and condition, and some in neither. Some studie Arts of use; some of delight; some conceive well, but talke wickedly.

Dob. Those be the Women *Ralph*.

Ral. No interruptions. Some breake jests; some breake pates; some breake Tailours; and some breake their fasts with Duke *Humphrey*.

Dob. A wife houle-keeper belike.

Ralph. Some weare Plush that others pay for. Some love Sacke, and some love wenches. Few will dye of the Aldermans Gout, and some will never bee cur'd of their owne.

Dob. I understand thee *Ralph*. But how com'st thou to know all this?

Ralph. Tut man; I liv'd in *London* before now; was servant to one that converst much with the wits, and kept an Academic of Musick. I tell thee *Dobson*, I have pickt up more learning among the crummes of a broken bisket, after one of their meetings at a Taverne, then would make twenty Ballad-makers commence Poetasters; and with the over-plus indoctrinate ten Justices Clerks, and an under-Sheriffe.

The fifth Scène.

Enter Mris. TONGALL, and LITTLEWORD by
the left Scène.

Dungw. Sweet Mistris, you are welcome to my ex-
pectation.

Tong. If my presumption to bring a worthy acquain-
tance along with me, seem's not unmannerly.

Dungw. You rather expresse kindnesse to a stranger
that desires worthy company.

Tong. Sweet Mr. Dasher, you are the best Woman Vintener
that ever lov'd a Gossips tale. You have so many
good things to pleasure a woman with. You were wont to
have an excellent neat tongue.

Dash. Sweet Mris. Tongall, my best tongue, and all is
at your service.

Tong. Kind Master Dasher.

Dung. To your welcome Mistresse.

Tong. My humblenes receives your favour thankfully,
My service to you Mr. Dasher.

Dash. I kisse the hand of your servant.

Ralph. And make a legg. This Vintener sure hath had
very mannerly breeding. he came not from the Banks
side, where the surly Watermen live.

Dash. Noble sir, I presume to present my desires to doe
you service.

Dobs. This Gentleman hath lesse manners. Hee an-
swers nothing.

Tong. My friend (Sir) though he be of few words,
is a fine wit, and a great observer.

Dung. A Wit, Mistris; I shall be the prouder of his ac-
quaintance. But when I am a Witt, I shall preferre my
talking before my observation.

Tong. I thank you Mr. Little-word.

Ralph.

Ralph. Mr. Littleword and Mris Tongall! very good. Sure this woman had a French-man to her Father.

Tong. Indeed Mr. Dasher, 'tis excellent Sacke. If you were unmarried you should have my daughter Jinny, for keeping such good Wine in your house.

Dash. I retribute all due thanks for your kindnesse, that you would doe me so great an honour.

Ralph. Mistris, you said I should have your daughter.

Tong. My friend, why so thou shalt. This Sacke makes my heart merry.

Ralph. Who then shall my Master have?

Tong. Why my Daughter Jinny.

Ralph. A right woman: so her tongue goe, no matter what she sayes.

Dash. What will that Gentleman with his table-booke?

Dung. Let's have a health to some body.

Tong. Please you Sir, to my daughter Jinny.

Dung. Let it goe round then.

Tongall. And hee that will not pledge it, shall not have her.

Dobs. I hope we shall drinke now *Ralph*.

Ralph. Else we lose both our share of the Sack, and our hopes of her daughter Jinny.

Ent. Drawer.

Dung. Some more Wine.

Dash. (Whooh) be nimble firrah; and bring of my kingdome (that's my word for good wine) that it may wait on these Gentlemen.

Tong. William, thou art an honest fellow; and if thou bringst us good wine, thou shalt have my daughter Jinny from them all.

Dash. Sure this Gentleman write's what I speake. I hope 'twas not treason to say my Kingdome. I would I knew what he were.

Dung. The Vintener seem's troubled at this Gentleman's table-booke.

Tong. 'Tis his practise of observation. Hee is taking

a humour for a Play: perhaps my talking of my daughter Liddy.

Dung. I'll hatch some mirth from it. Sir, you must not take it ill, if I tell you of your errors. You have spoken somthing rashly.

Dash. Kind and worthy Sir, my life is your servant for this noble care.

Dung. That silent Gentleman is an intelligencer; a state spie. Hee'll informe against you. Therefore complie with him to prevent it. 'Tis his pollicie to say nothing himselfe, that his observation may be the more, and his owne danger the lesse.

Dash. Sir, I owe your goodnesse all that ever I have beene, am, or shall be. He writes againe.

Tong. Now Mr. Little-word, you have some fine matter there to worke upon.

Dash. To undoe me. Sir, I desire you will command all that is to bee commanded in my house to doe you service. Yes, yes; he writes againe.

Dung. That word command is a word of great danger, I would you had not us'd it.

Dash. Alas Sir, Mris Tongall, 'twas not neighbourly done of you to bring an informer into my houle.

Tong. How, I bring an Informer! as I am a Matron, he's a Gentleman, a wit, and a rare Projector.

Dash. I believe it, to undoe a poore Vintener, that cannot complement a Gentleman into a ten pounds expence; but his necke must be in danger. Sir, if I were a King I would be your servant. He writes againe.

Enter a Boy.

Dung. Bless me Sir, you have spoken treason.

Dash. Alas, Sir, I am undone then.

Boy. Master, the Constable and other officers are coming up.

Dash. Yes, yes; to apprehend me.

Ralph. 'Tis for us, *Dobson*.

Dung.

COVENT-GARDEN.

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Dung. The Constable! I hope wee are not suspected persons.

Tong. If I thought you were, you should never have my daughter Linny.

The sixth Scene.

*Enter CONSTABLE and OFFICERS; by
the left SCENE.*

Const. By your leave Gentlemen.

Ralph. You are welcome Sir, and I pray be gone.

Const. But not without you Sir. You are suspected, and must answer—

Dung. Answer what? heere are neither Traitors nor Factions.

Dafb. I feare I shall be prov'd both.

Tong No Sir, nor night-walkers that are taken up, and cast downe I have declar'd my selfe of as good carriage as any in the neighbour-hood; and my daughter Linny waits upon an honourable Ladie.

Dafb. Mr. Constable, I am your servant, I hope you suspect no Traitors in my house. If you doe, they shall wait upon you into the Cellar; and there commit what treason you will against as good Sack as is in the King of Spaines Dominions. The Gentleman writes still. I am utterly lost.

Const. There are two suspected to be heere, that have broken the peace, and committed a robbery.

Dafb. Denie it *Ralph.*

Ralph. I tell you Constable, there are none heere, but can breake the peace, as well as you that are a Constable.

Dung. They shall obey your authority, and in the Vinteners phraze wait upon you.

I

Dafb.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Dash. I feare I must wait upon the Gallowes.

Dungw. Bring my servants, I'le goe likewise along with you.

Dash. Yes, yes; a meere plot to goe along, that hee may witnesse against me.

Dobs. Feare nothing *Ralph*, the Gentlewomen will not see us hang'd.

Ralph. But they may suffer us, and that's a word for hanging.

Dung. You see me apprehensive of your owne danger. There's a reckoning to pay; if you but forgive it, I'le free you from this Gentleman's information.

Dash. Most gladly Sir, and bee your servant. But how shall I be sure of it?

Dung. You shall heare it from his owne mouth. You will not (Sir) informe any thing against this man! I pray say no.

Little. No.

Dash. I am satisfied: and will be your servant in any thing but treason.

Tong. But be sure you speake to Mistris *Dorothy*. Nay I'le along with you too, and perhaps speake a good word.

I have acquaintance with the Justice, and his Clerke knows my daughter *Linny*.

Dash. Let mee bee your servant Mr. Constable, and light you downe. I hope my house will receive no scandall by this.

Dung. 'Twas a beginning yet, and more may hit. Thus in th' abus'd sense cheating is cal'd wit.

Goe forth by the left Scène.

Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

Enter S V S A N, by the middle SCENE.

S V S A N.

THanks honest *Nicholas*. 'Tis time to cover: my Lady will to supper so soone as my Master comes home. He brings strangers with him. This Butler is the kindest fellow to a Gentleman; and deserves my love more for this bottle of Sack, then *Warrant* or *Spruce* for fighting. Come thou inspirer of a diviner soule, that teachest my-stories, of which without thee none are capable: to bee valiant; to love; to Poetise: suffer a thirsty gentleman to delight her drye pallat with thy sweet moisture, and refresh her spirits with thy comfortable operation. (*Drinks.*) Excellent Sack, as I am a Gentleman. Now am I in love with my old Master for buying it; wth the Vintener for selling it; with the Drawer for drawing it; nay, with the very Porter that brought it home: but most of all with kinde *Nicholas* for bestowing it upon mee; good heart, hee hath ventur'd a chiding if it should be mist. (*Drinks.*) What foolish Poets were they that made the more foolish gods drinke *Nectar*! Had *Apollo* presented *Daphne* but with a cup of such Sack, shee wold have lov'd him, as I doe *Nicholas*: but not to lye with him. A gentleman must not humble her selfe to a Butler. (*Drinks.*) My Ladie.

The second Scene.

Enter LADIE, by the middle Scene.

Lady. What is't should make my Husband's jealousie
 Rage so within him to suspect the visits
 Of every friend I Cannot my carefull carriage
 Kill his distrust, and make him confident I
 Many a young Ladie that had such excuses
 As I may well pretend, his age, diseases,
 And all the cold defects are incident
 To a decaying strength, would priviledge
 Her rasher wills dispense with young desires.
 Such are in me; but not to satisfaction :
 I must not wrong my fame : though my hot bloud
 Should dance a lustfull measure. But hee's jealous;
 And I must practise some strange cure upon it.
 Secretary.

Susan. Madame.*Lady.* Why doe you gaze upon me ?*Susan.* I would not for th' exchange your Ladiship were
 a man.*Lady.* And why so ?*Susan.* I should runne madd, for love of your La-
 diship.*Lady.* What humour have you got? you have sure beene
 tipling. Fie Secretary.*Susan.* I hope your Ladiship hath a better opinion of
 your man, then to be earnest because she jeals.*Lady.* You know Mr. Jerkey?*Susan.* A very handsome gentleman. I wonder no wor-
 thy Gentleman is in love with him:*Lady.* No Secretary; what thinke you of me?*Susan.*

Susan. Doth your Ladiship love him ? truly and so doe I.

Lady. But not as I doe :
I could betray mine honour to his love ;
And sell my faime for his more sweet embraces :
Give those delights which are my Husbands due
To his enjoying.

Susan. And will your Ladiship discover this to mee ?
Truely I meane not to bee degraded from your Ladiships
uman, to hold the doore, and crye, my Master's comming.

Lady. Thy employment shall be
When wee are closely set at dallyance
Blush not what ere thou seest ; but call thy Master ;
The service may be worth a new gowne.

Susan. How, call my Master ! Did ever any Ladie en-
joy a friend in a corner, and wish her Husband (who is
sufficiently jealous alreadie) to see it ! Now as I am a
Gentleuman, and had rather bee a Ladie, 'tis not my
mind.

Lady But 'tis mine ;
His knowledge of't would add to the delight,
And make th'offence lesse. Citie Dames can practise
Slights to deceive their Husbands, mine shall know it.

Susan. But is your Ladiship earnest ?

Lady. As earnest as resolves can make me.

Susan. But I am resolv'd not to obey your Ladyship.
Shall I that am my Ladies Secretary as it were, be treach-
erous to her secrets ? Then let me not be counted a gentle-
man. If it please your Ladiship Ile tell him you intend
such a thing that he may prevent it.

Lady. Dispute not my commands, but doe them :
Or I shall stop the current of my favours.
That hitherto have flow'd so fully on thee.

The third Scène.

Enter Sir GENEROUS WORTHY, IERKER,
ARTLOVE, T. WORTHY, SUSAN, IEFFREY,
by the middle Scène.

Sir Gen. I have brought you some guests Wife. Send
your entertainment be worth their labour.

Lady. I could wish it much better for Master *Ierkers*
sake.

Sir Gen. I feare you are too free that way.
I am yet a man, and my declining age
Hath not so weakened judgement in me,
That passion should betray my jealous thoughts.
Nor can I but suspect, and must be satisfied.
Her woman is the instrument. *Mris. Susan.*

T. W. Pray Sir, let me prepare her. No more will I
In the severer Person of a counsellour
Instruct your care. But since by curious search
I have inform'd my knowledge
Even to satisfaction of his worth,
Let me commend this noble gentleman
Vnto your best desires; let him posseſſe them.

Dorot. Brother, without mature consideration
I dare not doe an act; on which depends
Such dangerous events.

T. W. My love's your warrant.
Have not I searchd him throughly? have not I
Found him deserving all that's due to man,
Though malice were his judge. View but his person,
Art could not shape a more exact proportion:
And through his Christall bosome read his heart
Wherein such noble thoughts are character'd.

Susan.

Susan. You shall command a poore Gentleman any thing ; neither doe I expect reward. I onely desire you will accept it as an act of my love. But why should you be jealous of my Lady.

Sir Gen. Aske me no idle questions, but doe it. Thou mayst bee a Lady thy selfe, if it lie in my power to raise thee.

Susan. Alas Sir, an old man raise a Gentleman.

Dorot. We have a father (Brother) to whose care We owe another dutie, then that onely Which Nature hath enjoyn'd us for receiving Our beings from him. Let not our rash wills Sway'd onely by desire, run any course Agrees not with his liking : Yet I'le tell The Gentleman how much he owes your love For thus commanding him.

Lady. How now Sir *Generous* ? Courting my woman ? am not I warme enough To thaw your frozen appetite ?

Susan. Truly Sir, if my Lady knew how much I lov'd you, 'twould make her jealous.

Lady. Indeed it would not. Revenge should be a remedie.

Sir Gen. That's my feare.

Lady. Nay, to her againe ; you are not the first That hath abus'd his Lady.

Sir Gen. Wife, forgoe these fond thoughts, and with care apply your selfe to entertain these gentlemen. I'le to my closet.

goes forth.

Lady. I want but th' opportunity of their absence, Which I must straight contrive.

Artl. I am now animated To come the neerest way without more circumstance ; And tell you how your beauty and your vertues Have won on my desires to make them yours.

Dorot.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Dorot. I thanke you Sir, and could mine owne eyes see
But halfe that worth my Brocher (ayes is in you,
My equall thoughts should answer.

T. W. What said she Sir ?

Artl. It seemes you did commend me !

T. W. Yes by my hopes of good, no otherwise
Then I desire to have my selfe commended
Vpon the like occasion.

Artl. I must thanke you Sir.

T. W. I doe interpret it ; and have thought upon
Another tryall. Let me intreat you Sister
To conſter my intentions right. Though I
Commended him, 'twas onely to diſtinguifh
Your paſſion and your reaſon. Now I find
The latter ſtrongeſt, that you refuſe the love
Of one ſo muſt defective.

Dorot. How ! defective !
Brother, my judgement hath as ſearching eyes
Can ſee the fulneſſe of his manly worth
Through all the vailes of your detraction.
And now to ſhew how muſt I doe prefer
The freedome of my will before your counſell ;
I'le tell him I doe love him.

T. W. Sister, I hope
You are not eaſeſt !

Dorot. As eaſeſt as my love ;
Which ſince I firſt beheld him tooke poſſeſſion
Of all my thoughts, though cuſtomary niceſſe
Reſtraint me from diſcovering them ; but now —

Lady Pray daughter overſee the ſervants.

Exit Dorothy.

T. W. Mother beſhrew your heart, ſhe was in a good
weine. But come ſir, wee'ſt purſue it.

Exeunt young Worthy, and Artlove.

Jeffr. It hath beene no ſmall punishment for mee to
hold

hold my peace all this while. My Cousin is morall before companie and counsel's my masters. But now I hope my tongue shall have libertie; and her's my Ladies gentlewoman to exercise it with.

Lia. Your little Cousin may stay. How like you the plot?

Ierk. As the end proves it. And since your constancie Hath held out 'gainst my leud temptations, Which have as well beeene tryals of your vertues As acts of wantonnesse, I here desist. Henceforth my tongue shall never utter sound Offensive to your modeſtie.

Lady. Pray let's sit, And enter on the project, though it benice When wit masks vertue in a cloke of vice.

Susan. They are going to it, and heer's a little one will tell. Pray sir, can you keepe counſell?

Jeffr. As well as a woman.

Susan. Indeed they and children are kin.

Jeffr. You need not feare your ſecrets.

Susan. Then I ſhall love you heartily. But pray Sir, no meddling with a gentleman's apron. Here's that will helpe your growth: please you to partake.

Jeffr. She abuſeth me, I muſt ſit her. What iſt Miftris?

Susan. Sack I affiſſe you Sir; and I hope you will love a poore gentleman as ſhe loves you.

Jeffr. If the Butler be not too deeply iñtereſted.

Lady. Secretarie.

Susan. Madame.

Lady. You forget your imployment.

Susan. I ſaw your Ladifhip doe nothing yet.

Lady. Doe we not kiffe!

Susan. I runne then, and dare not looke backe for feare of bluſhing.

Exit.

Jeffr. What ſtrange contrivement's this?

The fourth Scene.

Enter Sir GENEROUS WORTHY with SUSAN,
by the middle Scene.

Lady. Nay, blush not Mr. *Ierk*, ours is no act of shame, but to be gloried in; youth to youth. Sir *Generous* are your hornes to top-heavy, they make you hang the head. Never droop at it man. A Lord may bee a Cuckold and never the wiser: you have gotten the knowledge of what you did but suspect before.

Sir Gen. Out of my warring thoughts discretion
Hath order'd a resolve, whose practise shall
Preserve my credit. Though I much wonder
A woman's smooth hypocrisie should make
Even her secret'st actions to appear
Most vertuous; yet in this to staine her whitenesse.

Lady. I did it Sir to cure your jealousie
More then for satisfaction of desire,
Which I have often satiated, when
Your cold abilities were comforted
With downe and silence; when your dreames presented
The quiet of a grave.

Ierk. I did it Sir, In gratitude for your hospitality.
Please you to take my counsell. Be divorc't.
You need no proofes, since shees her owne accuser.
I'le then procure a dispensation
And wee'l be married.

Sir Gen. 'Tis assent to.
Nay more, I'le give you all her portion backe:
Nor shall the least disquiet in my thoughts
Make me remember it. Think not (young man) mine age
So

So weake, but I can conquer passion,
My act shall instantly have confirmation ;
And be a president where such inequality
Of yeares are joyn'd.

Lady. Pray good Sir *Generous stay.*
I have not yet consented ; and I think
The Law cannot dispense whilst either live.
If you resolve divorce, you'l onely force me
To an unwilling widow-hood ; and how little
My innocence deserves, the least suspect,
Though I did faigne a guilt for better ends,
Lust heaven can witness. There was no necessity
To tempt my woman to discover us.
It was my first command.

Sir Gen. I heare strange words
Which must be scann'd and construed.

Ierk. Here my folicates cease. But I desire
I may remaine the servant of your vertues,
And weare your favours livery, whose example
Hath won on my resolves to reconcile
My wilder soule.

Lady. Whilst you persever in't,
I shall preserve you in my pureit thoughts ;
But never to infect them.

Sir Gen. The World reputes me
A man of full discretion ; and mine age
Is not so rotten yet, to betwice childe.
Hence yee vaine jealousies, that in love diseas'd
Are peccant humours : therefore must be purg'd.
Come to my bosome patterne of true goodnesse.
Nere more thole bug-beates to the minds blest quiet
Shall fright thee thence.

Lady. Then will my joyes be settled.

Sir Gen. Good Sir forgive
The rashnesse of my passion. I'le no more

COVENT-GARDEN.

Be jealous of your visits ; but desire
The love I bear your person may be usefull
To all good ends.

The fifth Scene.

Enter T. WORTHY, ARTLOVE, DOROTHY, &c.

T. W. Nay, blush not Sister ;
Though it be vertues colour. Sayt agen.
Here are more witnessses.

Sir Gen. Whence growe'st this exultation ?

T. W. From inward joy that she affects this gentleman,
Whose Vertues wonn
Vpon my love to be his Oratour ;
And not respects infected with the mixture
Of any worse condition.

Sir Gen. Doe you love him ?

Doro. I hope to your kind judgement 'twill appeare
A vertuous truch.

Sir Gen. If he be found deserving
In the dependances on bloud and fortune
I shall consent, and then may mutuall love
Render you happy.

Art. How am I blest that your white soule
Hath bounded it's desires within the circuit
Of my too narrow worth !

Sir Gen. Supper not ready yet ! my servants are musi-
call; please you Gentlemen to dance a little. 'Tis a health-
full exercise; bid them prepare their instruments. Come,
come, settle to it. *Spruce and Warrant, enter*
I love to see a nimble activenesse *with Musicks*.
In noble youth ; it argues active minds
In well shap't bodies, and begets a joy
Dancing within me. *Danse.*

The

The sixth Scène.

Enter LITTLEVYORD, TONGALL, DUNGVORTH,
CONSTABLE, RALPH and DOBSON, by
the middle Scène.

Sir. Gen. Welcome neighbour *Tengall*: what meane
these people?

Const. I have brought them, an't please your Wor-
shipp.

Sir Gener. Whom, and't please you, Master Con-
stable.

Const. The theeves, and't please your Worship, that
rob'd your worship's Clerke.

Spruce. Now *Warrant*.

Warr. How I rob'd I the Constable is surely drunke:
I was not rob'd.

Const. How's that I did not you bring mee to the Ta-
verne; shew mee the fellowes, and direct mee to appre-
hend them? Did you not promise me a share if they might
be brought to a composition?

Warr. Who? I? verily I say I know thee not.

Const. How I not know the Constable! Come Mr.
Warrant, let mee understand the mysterie without being
farther abus'd. You forget the place where wee had re-
creation for uothing, onely promising the wenchies favour
upon occasion: against whom wee afterwards inform'd
to get fees.

Sir Gener. Is't noe otherwise? it shall raise some
mirth.

Dobf. Did not I tell thee *Ralph*, the Gentlewomen?

Ralph. Well, 'tis a rare thing to bee a Justice. Were
I but swel'd with a little authoritie, mee thinks I could

crye, you Rogue, you Rascall, or you Constable, most gravely.

Dobs. And 'tis as rare a thing to bee a Constable; to command in the name of authority, and bee drunke at midnight, without danger of the stocks.

Sir Gen. I shall respect him Mris. *Torgall.* Mr. Constable I doe conceive an abuse done to my person, in that you here traduce two strangers, pretending appointment, when none will accuse them; nor can I sudainly discover the errour.

Constable. Now by all the painted authoritie of my staffe—

Sir Gen. No swearing Constable; I have determin'd to conferre a power upon the accused, to judge both it and you; and the most offendors shall suffer what shall be due.

Consta. Whither shall I fall! from my Empire of command, to obey a mock-Constable! I be danger of example forbid it, that Clownes and fooles be not made Justices in earnest.

Sir Gen. No more of this modestie: I'le have it so; and exercise your wit. I have knowne a Countrey fellow full of knavish clinches.

Dobson. Yes Sir, 'tis ordinary in a Smith.

Ralph. Then if I fit you not for a Justice.

Dobson. And I for a Constable. You shall heare my tone.

Const. And I for an offender.

Ralph. Can you write and read young gentleman?

Jeffr. Like a gentleman.

Ralph. Then you shall be my Worships Clerke. And so I assume authoritie. (hem, hem)

Spruce. Now shall we be jeer'd out of our skins.

Warr. Set a good face on't.

Ralph. (hem, hem,) what are you firrah?

Dobs.

Dob. I am *Dobson*, the Constable andt please your Worship.

Const. Hee lies andt please your Worship, I am the Constable.

Ralph. You were the Constable ; but your dignitie is justly taken from you, and confer'd upon honest *John Dobson*. Thou hast beene a raskall sirrah, a corrupt Constable. Thou hast converst with deeds of darknesse hating the all light, but wenches and a lanthorne : which a married Constable can never want at midnight. Thou hast watcht little and pray'd lesse : thou shalt therefore fast thy selfe into amendment. And so I commit thee with thy guard of Bill-men to the mercie of a Shrove-Tuesdayes rebellion. (hem, hem.)

Dobson. Here's an other defendant, andt please your Worship.

Ralph. Now Sir, what are you ?

Warr. A Justices Clerke.

Ralph. Oh, I know you sirrah. You write true Latine, not to be understood by the Worshippfull bench.

Warr. Your Worship is misinform'd. I cannot write true *Orthographie* without a Copie ; and for Latine, I have lesse then the Deane of Dunstable. I have read *Ignoramus* : but finding hard words which were not in the Dictionary ; I swere I understand it no more then *Ignoramus* himselfe.

Ralph. Make his *Mittimus* and send him to schoole ; (hem, hem,) what are you Sir ?

Spruce. A Gentleman Vsher.

Ralph. You are a Malkin of mock-Gentry, made up of silke and vaine-glory. You begin to grow out of fashion. I will therefore have you sticcht into a case of complements, and commended to some thrifte house-keeping Ladie in the Countrey, where you may fave her Ladiship the

COVENT-GARDEN.

the charge of a Taylour; and if you can read, serve for a house-Chaplaine in rainy weather. (hem, hem.) Bring that Countrey Gentleman before me.

Dung. You'l grow saucie sirrah.

Sir Gen. Pray let's uphold the jest. I'l not spare mine owne person. Your servant's witty.

Ralph. You are a Countrey Gentleman; a Gallant out of fashion all the yeare; but especially at Sessions, and upon high Holi-dayes, when your fatten doublet drawes away the eyes of the simple, and distracts their devotion almost into Idolatry: giving it more worship then the Heralds ever gave your Auncestors. You intend as I understand to come forth in a new Edition: and when the Meivers and Tailors have new printed you; and that some gentile wit may be read in your Character to marry a Wife in the City. You shall then have a passe sealed upon her by a Courtier; be ship't at Cuckolds haven, and so transported into Cornwall. (Hem, hem.) Now Sir, what are you? never a wise word to answere a Justice?

Tong. He is my friend Sir; and if you abuse him, you shall not have my daughter *Jinny*.

Ralph. There is a tempest in her tongue able to shake the foundation of the wisest Justice-ship.

Dobs. My Ladie Sir.

Ralph. Madame, I have heard complaints of your Ladiship, that you rise early every morning before noone, and are readie before night, unlesse there bee a maske at Court. You are likewise a great frequenter of the balls, merely out of charitie to the poore Fidlers.

Sir Gen. He hits you home Wife.

Jeffr. And this is my Ladies Gentleman.

Ralph. Stop your ears Gentlwomen, here's a foule busynesse towards. But you may tell the man, the time and place, though not the manner.

Secre.

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Secre. Truely Sir, if I am with child, ~~tho~~ but with a
bottie of Sack.

Ralph. Give it me; I'le keepe it. Many a Justice in the
City keepes children are none of his owne. (*Drinks.*)

Ierk. A right Sack Justice.

Ralph. And now for you Gentlemen. You are of the
wits that give Poets Sack and old Bevers, and vent their
conceits in Tavernes for your owne.

leffr. Please you Sir, these Gentlemen are my friends.

Ralph. How's that! a Justice take bribes! the exam-
ple is too frequent, and I will have it mended.

Sir Gen. You begin now to overdoe.

Ralph. Bribes have purchas'd more then the whole
race of Adermen since *Luds* time.

Sir Gen. You are bitter now: 'tis time to resigne.

Ralph. 'Tis time indeed, when I will not take bribes
to be a Justice *Quondam*.

Sir Gen. When Wit makes not abuse it's exercise,
The users of it then are truely wise:

But 'tis a foolish Vanitie, not Wit,

When Conscience bounds are broke to practise it.

L

The

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THE EPILOGUE

Yave scene a Play, wherein was no disguise,
No Wedding, no improvable devise:
But all an easie matter, and conteyn'd
Within the time of action. 'Tis arraign'd;
And doubtfull stands before your judgements barre,
Expecting what your severall censures are.
Some that pretend commission to the Stage,
As th' only Cato's of this Critick Age;
Condemning all not done by imitation,
Because this new Play hath a new foundation.
Wee feare will cry it downe: our hope is then
That your faire hands will raise it up agen.

FINIS.





Spruce. I hope Gentlemen you doe not meane to rob me. Trust me, I have no money, but a few farthings of my Ladies to give poore people.

Ralph. We will be satisfied with a small diminution of your plentifull Wardrobe. Wee know you have more Cloakes and Beavers at home.

Spruce. No; I protest Gentlemen, I have but this onely case for my Carkasse: and 'twill not be quite paid for til the next quarter.

Dob. Why then Sir, we will beat you handfomly, and that shall allay our fury.

Spruce. Nay kinde Gentlemen, I had rather stand to my Ladies bountie, then be beaten.

Ralph. Why then thanke our mercy and depart, whilst we like honest theeyes share our booty.

Spruce. And I find out the Constable.

Goes forth by the right Scene.

The fourth Scene.

Enter ART LOVE by the left Scene.

Art. How glorious shewes heaven with trembling lights
Sparkling their distant beames! The full orb'd Moone
Borne on nights dewie wings, rides in her *Sphare*;
And throwes the shine which from her brothers rayes
She borrowes to illuminate the earth
Through thinner ayre, where no condensed vapours
Are interpos'd to let her piercing eye
From seeing that which she gives fight to. Yet
My heart is wrapt in clouds of leaden sadness.
Love is not that in me which others feigne it.
I dreame not of delights; my busie fancies
Presents no fabulous heaven. A hell of torment
Darken's my mind's bright faculties; and reason
Suffers it selfe to be eclipst by passion.

Dob.

Dobf. Now we are enter'd *Ralph*, what if wee made
this our profession? many a one lives by it.

Ralph. And many a one is hang'd for it,

Artl. Oft have these instruments of heavens influence

Seene my contemplative watchings;

When with profound and an unweared search

I have scan'd the causes of their great effects;

And waded through the most inscrutable secrets

Both of the mediate and immediate nature.

But comming once to read a Womans face,

There were so many heavens, that every thought

In me, requir'd a severall understanding,

To give each severall grace a severall name,

And definition.

Dobf. Thou art affraid of the gallowes?

Ralph. Not much of the gallowes without a hangman.

Artl. The *Chaos* and the earth were loves first Parents;

And yet the child did give the Parents forme.

What Riddles are in nature!

Man's a disorder'd Massie, a meere confusion

Of rude, inanimate sense and understanding.

Vntill inspir'd with loves diviner soule.

The sense is tir'd, unless it varye's objects.

Knowledge would be finite, were not the mind

Delighted with diversitie.

But love's a subject for eternall studie;

And one faire booke preserv'd so, a full library.

Dobson. I am resolv'd; I'lle nor spare man, woman nor
child, whilst the sack works.

Ralph. For women and children let me alone: if I fall
upon the one, I'lle soone get the other.

Artl. What fabulous errors learning is attended with!

Plato's five Worlds; their sempiternitie;

Pythagoras transmigration; and opinions,

Judgement would blush to fater. But a woman,

Did men contemplate such a one as I doe,

They'd Make her all those Worlds; and then include
All the fam'd excellence of former beauties
In her more perfect frame.

The fifth Scene.

Enter young WORTHY by the middle Scene.

T. Wor. Is't possible such shew of resolution
Should appeare in Cowards! I'le make them friends.
And that being done mine owne intentions
Must be pursu'd to finde that Gentleman
Courted my Sister. Love of all sorts bents
It selfe to courses for it's severall ends.

Dobs. Now for a daring Constable.

Ralph. Without his staffe of authoritie, or a fortification
of Sack. A Constable may be valiant when hee com-
mands others what he cannot doe himselfe.

T. Wor. What I my paire of valiant Cowards! friends
already.

Dobs. How! Cowards! swallow that word, or it shall
choakethee.

T. W. These fellowes have out-gone their Commission
and rob'd them. I was a wise man to come abroad with-
out a sword.

Ralph. Hee hath never a sword. Sirrah, thou man of
presumption, that hast profan'd our incomparable valour,
redeeme thy forfeited life of our mercie with some gold
or silver pictures out of thy silken pockets.

T. Wor. They' rob me too: Why, Gentlemen; silke
clothes have not money in them at all times.

Ralph. He lookes terribly *Dobson*. Call upon Sack.

Dobs. I will cleave him at one stroke.

T. W. Doe you meane to murther a Gentleman?

Arst. Murder a Gentleman the voyce came thence.
Ilerescue him, though danger and destruction

Met

Met me with open mouths. Villaines, defist.

T. W. You have done a benefit I must acknowledge.

Art. That's to reward it sir; from which base ends
Good actions should be free. I'de gladly heare

A short relation of the Accident.

Dobs. Why dost thou quake so *Ralph*?

Ralb. Why dost thou tremble so *Dobson*? I dare bee
whipt if these bee not some kin to the Gentlewoman that
sent us hither from the thing at yonder house.

T. W. Were you sent to rob or kill me?

Dobs. Alas Gentlemen, we are very ingruous.

Ralph. Meere Country Animals. Wee have valour to
steale a May-pole, or rob the Parsons Hens-nest: but to
kill a man as far from our intents or daring, as pittie from
an Executioner, or bashfulnesse from a Jinga.

T. W. Forbear the rest. This affords me matter: Re-
turne to that house, there leave your boodie and receive
your reward: onely this I'le keepe.

Ralph. With all our hearts: wee had rather any body
should have them, then the hangman boch them and us
for them. Come *Dobson*, we have got the money yet; and
a little sack will animate us againe. My soul's under foot;
I must raise it: But if ever I quarrell againe by Moone-
shine unlesse I am drunke, valour forsake me.

Goe forth by the left Scene.

T. W. Blest Accident! 'tis surely the same.

After a stricter view, my memory
Unlesse it erres, tells me I have seen your person
Before this at my fathers.

Art. If you are the son of Sir *Generous Worsby*.

T. H. It was the blessing
Nature and Fortune did bestow on me.

Art. It is indeed a blessing, when the vertues
Of noble Races are hereditary;
And doe derive themselves from th'imitation
Of vertuous Ancestours. You have a faire Sister.

T. H.

COVENT-GARDEN.

T. Wor. Her beautie is not worth your commendations.

Art. Your modestie is too severe
In your restraint from praising her pure excellencie,
Which should be Poets studie; not with fiction,
And common figures, but diviner attribut es:
Then they must call it nothing but it selfe.

T. W. Have I found you? I shall search you deeper.

Art. The subjects weight would make a Poem weighty,
And take away the imputation
Which seeminge solidnesse would throw upon't
Of a light fancies.

T. W. It seemes you love my Sister?

Art. He were a Divell did not love such goodnesse.
It is the onely vertue frailty boasts of,
To love faire sensuall objects: but my soule
Hath noted inward beauty in her mind,
Which makes me glory (though it be presumption)
That I doe love her.

T. W. Cal't not presumption sir, you doe deserve her,
In that you have indear'd me for my life
Who am her Brother. And I commend your wit,
Which I presume my Sisters love hath whetted.
'Twas a quaint Plot: Wreath' Actors here againe,
I'd pay their wages.

Art. Your Riddle needs some *Oedipus* to solve it.

T. W. Why sir, ridiculous fables
May sometimes serve for imitation.
Though twere a meere appointment in this resence,
To shew your love and valour.

Art. What base suspition
Poysons his jealous thoughts! 'Tis injurie
Beyond all patientie.

T. W. Alas sir, you are mov'd?

Art. Yes, to an indignation, whose just heat
Burnes me almost to rage. But there are charmes

And

And spels about you conjure downe my spirit,

You are her Brother.

T. W. It seemes your guilt date not denie the
truth?

Anl. Dare not denie it!

Were thy hands arm'd with Thunder;

Hadst thou a Gorgons looke, wer't not her Brother,

Ring'd in the terror of a thousand Jibbets

And executioners, I have a point

Should finde thy hart out.

T. W. But I must tell you sir,
Seldome high spirits that pursue their honours,
With earnest flights, will stoop at weake respects:
But prey upon th' opinion of those men
That scan their actions; tearing their reputations
Out of suspitions bowels. Hee's not a Gentleman
Will not preserve his honour.

Anl. Your speech, Sir,
Savours of strange severity. My honour
Is that part of my selfe, without which
The man that's in me can have no subsisting.
Honour's the greatest of exterior goods,
And must be still pursu'd as the reward
Due unto vertue, through the greatest dangers.
Yet fortitude is not the appetite
Offormidable things, nor inconsult
Rashnes; but vertue fighting for a truth;
Deriv'd from knowledge of distinguishing
Good or bad causes. Thinke me not a Coward
Because I am not rash: nor through defect
Of better counsell, doe not resist the force
Of will or passion; howsoe're your jealousy
Proceeding from our better thoughts infection
Hath beene a provocation. And perhaps
The love I beare your Sister, will appeare
Your chiefest safety.

T. W. In an attempt of right

COVENT-GARDEN.

I have more safetie heere then your pretences
Can arme me with. But if you love my Sister,
It must be honourable and not wanton :
She will finde Champions else.

Art. It must be honourable !
These words include a doubt works strangely in me.
Love must not wrack my reputation.
Sir, I begin to scan the circumstance,
And consider your intention. You would trie me :
But your temptations have beene too abusive.
And now my resolution is prepar'd
To doe my credit justice.

T.W. You will not fight with me that am her Brother ?

Art. There's Magick in those words.

T.W. I doe presume my Sister will reward you
For these expressions. She is free to pay
Her servants promis'd wages ; be it kisses,
Or any other dalliance.

(flies,

Art. What a prophane breath from his blacke mouth
Would poison all the idolatrous religions
That e're aw'd wicked mortalls.
He is not sure her brother, but some impostor,
That onely counterfeit's his worthier perspn.
I could be patient at the lyc, or Coward,
Or any thing that can make passion violent.
But her bright honour stain'd's a caule of justice
To arme a Nation. Draw, if th'art a man ;
And with the plea of valour, (if th'ast any)
Defend thy errours : Draw thy sword.

T.W. Not against him that loves my Sister.

Art. Is my just anger mock't ! love made ridiculous !
Draw ; lest I make my selfe an Executioner.
And doe an act of justice on thy guilt.

T.W. Never against your bofome, where a spirit
So truely noble dwel's, that hath converted
All my faign'd jealousies to usefull love.

Art. I

Art. I am confounded to amazement.

T. W. Pray reconcile all your distractions.

Let not the least distrust abuse your confidence
Of what I undertake. My Sister's yours,
If the advise of me that am her Brother,
And interested in her good or ill,
Can be prevailing.

Art. Then requesting Sir,

That you'll presume no more upon the priviledge
Of that pure love I beare your vertuous Sister
To admit a jealousie of any action,
Or thought of mine which tends not unto noblenesse,
Next unto her my bosome holds you deare,
And shall doe ever.

T. W. So mine the like. Thus noble causes
Put fire into the spirits of full men.
Though sometimes seeming valour may arise
Through lust or wine, from hatfull cowardise.

Gee forth by the left Scene.

Act. 4. Scæn. I.

Enter IERKER and IEFFREY, with a
Drawer, by the left Scene.

Bo. y.

A. Non, anon Sir, by and by.
Ier. Some more wine Boy. Is Mr. *Artlo* return'd?

Boy. Not yet Sir.

Jeffrey. Poore Gentleman; hee's complaining to the
Moone, or studying the event of his love in the Starres.
Mee thinks I could make a counterfeit expression of his
passions to the life.

G a.

Drop

COVENT-GARDEN.

Drop from thy *Sphere* thou silver Ministresse
Of watry light ; dance no unquall motions
On thy fourre orbes ; but quench thy paler fires
In Lovers teares, that all inconstancie
May so be drown'd. I would I were in love Cousin.

Ierk. Before you are capable of it.

Jeffr. Why Cousin, is it not desir'd to be youth's folly !
Indeed, all things in Youth are folly.

Ierk. Not so Coz, all folly may be in Youth ;
But many times 'tis mixt with grave discretion,
That tempers it to use ; and make'st it judgement
Equall if not exceeding that which Palsey's
Hath almost shaken into a disease.

But why would you be in love Coz.

Jeffr. That I might Poetize : you know 'tis the onely
dancing Master to teach the Art of Measures ; though I
have knowne Poets scarce able to stand on their feet.

Ierk. Then you would write *Sayres* Coz ?

Jeffr. 'Tis your dancing conceit. But the Grinkums
Cousin cleaves not the feete.

Enter DASHER.

Ierk. Mr. Dasher, this freeness hath doubled the favor ;
vizi us of your owne accord !

Dash. Gentlemen my selfe, and all that depends on my
selfe, or on any thing that hath dependance on my selfe,
is at your service.

Jeffr. I should desire your wife then.

Dash. Sweet young Gentleman, you are the *Epitome* of
a faire body, and shall command the Commander of my
selfe and family. I will but present a glasse of Greeke
Sacke to the hands of a noble Lord, and returne to serve
you.

Exit.

Ierk. You have a vertue Sir, I could wish communicated.

Jeffr. What's that Cousin ?

Ierk. To cozen Cousin.

Jeffr.

Jeffr. And would you leare it?

Ierk. The Theorie, but not the Practise. I converse much in Tavernes; and the use should onely be a thrifty prevention.

Jeffr. As my observation hath taught me somthing in a baudy house, where they cannot change money.

Enter D A S H E R.

Dash. Now Gentlemen dispose of your servant.

Ierk. Indeed Mr. Dasher our Wine's naught.

Dash. How I naught I who drew it? name but your drawer; he is punish't whilst you pronounce it. I'll not keepe an offensive mouse that eats the crums under my table, but shall pay his life to doe you service. *Exit.*

Jeffr. Why Cousin, the Wine's good.

Ierk. I onely gave him matter for a complement.

Jeffr. 'Tis pitty to abuse him that is so apt to abuse himself. But what doe you muse on Cousin?

Ierk. I am studdying a conceited health.

Jeffr. Why to the long standing of Banbury May-pole.

Ierk. No Puritan will pledge that.

Jeffr. Yes, the Good-wives: they'll finde dancing a more wholesome exercize for the body, then some of their Doctrines for the Soule.

The second Scene.

Enter A R T L O V E and young W O R T H Y,

by the left Scene.

Ierk. Art come friend, and Mr. Womby?

T. W. Our mutuall loves.

Enter D A S H E R.

Dash. I am bound to serve you Gentlemen, and I wish my roofe were worthier, and my disordered houshold order'd to your content.

COVENT-GARDEN

Artl. We are bound to thank your readinesse.

Dash. Gentlemen, your servant will send his servants to wait upon you presently.

Exit.

Terk. What accident brought you two together?

Artl. The mercie of my Starres; but what event Their influence will direct. I cannot prophesie. Prethee be carefull, hee's a Cynick noter Of men and of their maners. Terk. If he bite, Here's that shall blunt his fangs.

Artl. Good friend be milde; Temper thy passions here. Scandal may grow From low foundations to an heighth of infamy. Thou know'st my temperance doth not oft frequent These publique places.

T. Wor. Sir, the relation 'twixt a son and father May make you jealous of my partiall nature. Trust me, I never yet was so indulgent To mine owne weaknesse, that until my judgement Had made a full distinguishtment of causes, I could bee violent in his defence. Farther then filiall dutie; which sometimes Hath strecht it selfe to counsell and advice Against suspition. For though your wild behaviour In some particular actions might provoke him, Shee whom new dutie makes me now call mother Hath given large testimonie of her vertue Even to satisfaction of all goodnessse; Although his age (in other things judicious) Cannot so easily admit belief, And safer confidence.

Terk. Though I appeare In outward carriage apt to make distrust Condemne me vicious; yet my Soule retaines (Besides a generous disposition Deriv'd from noble blood) some scrupulous sparkes Of better conscience. Call it not selfe-flattery

In

In that I am mine owne defences instrument.
 Report sufficiently may informe your knowledge;
 (Nor is it error) that my interest
 In her you now call Mother
 Was beyond all dispute: our equall loves
 Mov'd in one circle; and our thoughts were fixt;
 Nor can I varie; shee's the object still
 Of my desires. I confess I use
 Wanton sollicites; and should scarce resist
 My wishes satisfaction shee consenting.
 But those delights would end in such a loathing,
 That I should never more have mercifull thoughts
 There can be any goodnesse left in Woman.

T. W. This jarres upon my heart-strings.

Ierk. Dos't distast you Sir,
 That I defend my selfe?

T. W. You must not wrong my Father.
Ierk. I doe abhor the thought of injurie.

Nor shall my spirit fall in the just plea
 Of mine owne right.

T. W. But not to wrong my Father.
Ieffr. If he bee abusive, Cousin challenge him. I'le bee
 your second.

Ierk. Hee's not a Crane Coz.
Ieffr. Nor I a Pigmie; you mock my love.

Ierk. Your forwardnesse is dangerous.
Ieffr. Why, he can never have wit, that is not valiant.
 I'le trie him my selfe, if not to disturb you Sir.

T. W. I thanke you little one.
Ieffr. How little one! Is not that an affront Cousin?

Ierk. 'Tis as you take it Coz.
Artl. Fill some Wine boy: never a Drawer here?

Enter D A S H E R.

Dash. What Gentlemen, none to attend you? (whooh)
 An unlook'd for happiness that my unworthy selfe is
 prefer'd.

T. W.

T. W. An inferior servant may serve, Mr. Dafson.
 Dafson am the servant of my servant that shall serve
 you. And unless he serve you he is not my servant. I'll
 turne them all away presently for this neglect of your
 worthy Persons.

Exit.

Jeffr. Men weare swords Sir.

T. W. And boyes too sometimes.

Jeffr. You lanſwer it?

T. W. Anſwer what Child?

Jeffr. Little one! Boy! Child! I ſhall bee degraded
 next to an infant.

Terker. Fie Couſin, containe. The Gentleman cannot
 brooke it.

T. W. Yes Sir, hee can brooke any thing but wronging
 of his Father.

Artl. I pray no more, the ſubject is too harſh
 To make good muſicke in ſocietie.

Ierk. Then here's a health to her that best deserves.
 The attribute of Faire: whole white and red
 Prove what's lifes mixture. From whose forms exactnes
 Rules of Proportion might be better drawne.
 Then from Arts Principles. To her whole Youth,
 Warmes Winters icie boſome with her Spring;
 Yet will not wrong your Father. As it goes round,
 Each give his Mitris ſome commanding Character.

Artl. Why then a health to her whose beauties are
 Not a groſte Earth, with painted ſuperficies;
 But a more ſprightly Element of pure Fire.
 Within whose Sphere a glorious Mnde doth move
 All th' orbes of vertue with celestiall flame.
 Whose active climbings carry her deſires
 To th' utmoſt height of noblenesse and honour:
 To her that calls you Brother.

T. W. Let not your love appeare ſo full of flattery.

Ierk. Nay, Coz; 'tis yours.

Jeffr. Then here's a health to her will freely put

Her

Her sweets to use. Kisse, and be kistagaine
 Without a fie. Whose boldnesse will not blush
 At an assault, or any wanton touch.
 And if a man persist to farther doing,
 Accounts it losse of time, a tedious wooing.
 To her that I call Mistris.

T. W. Bravely come off Sir.

Ieffr. I can come on Sir.

Art. Now Sir, 'tis yours.

T. W. This Sack shall then have my *Encomiump*.
 Which had the youthful Father ever tasted,
 He would have left his rites to Poetize;
 And chang'd his Yvy Chaplets into Bayes:
 Vnchain'd his spotted Linxes, and supply'd
 His Chariots loftier course with *Pegasus*.
 And with bewitching numbers charm'd the gods
 To be his *Bacchanals*, that they might feast
 With this most heavenly *Nectar*.

Enter D A S H E R.

Ierk. Mr. Dasher, your Wine is highly commended.

Dash. I can assure you Gentlemen, the Grape from
 whence this Sacke was prest.

T. W. Grew in Spaine.

Dash. I would have fetcht it farther Gentlemen to doe
 you service. A voyage to the Indies should bee no more
 then a descending into my cellar, and up agen.

Art. You have handsomely contracted your journey.

Ierk. But Mr. Dasher, you have an eminent House, ex-
 traordinary Wine and entertainment; but no Signe at first
 to distinguish it.

Ieffr. Me thoughts Cousin, the Logger-heads was a
 pretty conceit.

Ierk. Had there not beeene a third.

Dash. Gentlemen, I intended a paire of Scales with a
 glasse of Wine in one Ballance, and a piece of gold in the
 other, or a jewell.

T. Wor. An excellent conceit, to shew the value of
good Wine.

Daf. Sweet Gentlemen, I am the servant of your noble
wits. I must kisse the faire hand of an honourable Lord,
who is now departing: I will then retурne to be dispos'd
by you.

Exit.

The third Scene.

*Enter Sir GENEROUS, young WORTHY by
the left Scene.*

T. Wor. Sir 'tis my father.

Sir Gen. Has my sonne here; and Mr *Jerk.*?

I came i'th' person of authoritie,
Invited by your noise. But that put off,
Out of my love borne to the generall good,
I doe advise you to be temperate:
That the faire hopes conceiv'd of growing vertues
Might not be lost. 'Tis pity that your wits,
Which (joyh'd with some experiance) might deserve
To fill the seats of Magistracie, and be
A speaking law) should spend themselves in places
And acts of sin and shame; wherein severitie
Of law and government must not be partiall.
Therefore I pray no more of these disorders.

T. Wor. Pray Sir, take nothing ill. 'Tis the necessity
Of his place: his disposition else is milder.

Jerk. Sir, we are Gentlemen; and by that priviledge
Though we submit to politique Government
In publique things may be our owne law-makers
In morall life. If we offend the law
The law may punish us; which onely strives
To take away exceſſe, not the necessity
Or use of what's indifferēt, and is made
Or good or bad by 't's use. We doe not drinke

To

To a distemper, and from thence derive
Th' originall of mischieves : nor is pleasure
Our law but temperance. Creation made
Every thing good, if we abuse it not.

Then good Sir, (though you find enormities
Amongst the rabble) be not so suspitious
Of our more carefull carriage, that are gentlemen.

Sir Gen. You have said to satisfaction
And more then I expected. Harke you sonne.

Art. I did not think th'adst beene so good an Oratour.

Ierk. Why friend ? because wanton familiaritic
Make's us leffe serious when we are alone,
Must it necessitate we cannot speake
In a high cause ! Cousin, you must be carefull
Of your behaviour : you are before a Justice.

Jeffr. Why Cousin, have Justices power over a mans
will ?

Ierk. Some busie ones have arrogated much ;
But being told their owne have ever since
Given Gentlemen a due respect.

Jeffr. I'le make a tryall here. Please you a little
To put off this severer gravitie ;
And drinke a glasse of Sack. Your age is Priviledge
In what the law of moderation,
Denies our hotter blood.

Sir Gen. Pretty sweet Gentleman. Is't possible
That one so young, should have so gray a wit ;
'Tis wanting many times in graver beards.
Please you Mr. *Ierk*, to bring these Gentlemen to my
house & supper. You'll find some emptie dishes.

Ierk. We know your table's plentifully furnish'd.

Sir Gen. This was very good Sacke, neighbour. Pray
send me home a dozen Bottles. And keepe good orders.

Dafb. The best orders that can be kept in my house,
or any office of my house shall bee at your Worships ser-
vice.

COVENT GARDEN.

Jeffr. Fogh; that complement stinckes.
Sir Gen. You are very courteous neighbour. Will you
 goe along with me Gentlemen?

Artl. We are your servants. 'Tis a blst opportunity.

Sir Gen. You shall now make tryall of my profest love.

Ierk. The reckoning M. *Dasher*.

Artl. Weel take the Barre in our way.

Go forsh by the left Scene.

Dasher. You'l doe mee honour to pay it there. Ten
 thousand welcomes wait upon you Gentlemen (whoo!)
 Come sirrah, be the *Mercery* of neatnesse, and nimbly set
 this disorder'd roome in order. Then give the gentleman
 below notice, that it is now ready to doe him service:
 Hee'slike to be a bountifull guest. He talks of selling his
 Land, and being a Wit: but how can that agree together!
 yes, very well. A countrey Gentleman to sell his land, is
 as it were to change his copie: leave his knowne trade to
 project a better profit. Which changing of Copie here
 with us, ends many times in the citie freehold at Lud-
 gate.

The fourth Scene.

Enter DUNGWORTH, RALPH and DOBSON,
 by the left Scene.

Dash. Worthy Sir, I have now made ready a roome to
 entertaine your worthy person. My house was so cramd
 with Lords; and this elpecially with most choyce gentle-
 men, some of the admired wits, to which very name I owe
 respect and service.

Ralph. 'Tis a fine Chamber, it shines like a Gold-smiths
 shop in Cheap-side.

Dung. Twould much indeere mee to your kinadnesse
 to bring mee acquainted with some of those Wits: you
 say they keepe their rendevous here many times. If I may
 mold

mold my selfe capable I should gladly add to their number.
Indeed, I have had but Countrey breeding.

Dobs. City bringing up for sooth.

Ralph. Yes; for we ridd like mad men.

Dobs. Questionlesse, Sir, there are of the wits some
mercenary ones, who in your money may command to be
your servants. But these are of a nobler straine. Howsoe-
ver, I will upon the next occasion shew my desire to doe
you service.

Dobs. Prethee *Ralph*, what be those Wits? A familie?

Ralph. No *Dobsen*, they be of all tribes. Some are Jewes,
and some are Gentiles. Some are noble both in blood
and condition, and some in neither. Some studie Arts
of use; some of delight; some conceive well, but talke
wickedly.

Dobs. Those be the Women *Ralph*.

Ralph. No interruptions. Some breake jests; some breake
paces; some breake Tailours; and some breake their
fasts with Duke *Humphrey*.

Dobs. A wise house-keeper belike.

Ralph. Some weare plush that others pay for. Some
love Sacke, and some love wenches. Few will dye of the
Aldermans Gout, and some will never bee cur'd of their
owne.

Dobs. I understand thee *Ralph*. But how com'st thou
to know all this?

Ralph. Tut man; I liv'd in *London* before now; was
servant to one that converst much with the wits, and kept
an Academic of Musicke. I tell thee *Dobsen*, I have pickt
up more learning among the crummes of a broken bisket,
after one of their meetings at a Taverne, then would
make twenty Ballad-makers commence Poetasters; and
with the over-plus indoctrinate ten Justices Clerks, and
an under-Sheriffe.

H 3 The

The fifth Scene.

Enter Mrs. TONGALL, and LITTLEWORD by
the left Scene.

Dungw. Sweet Mistris, you are welcome to my ex-
pectation.

Tong. If my presumption to bring a worthy acquain-
tance along with me, seem's not unmannery.

Dungw. You rather expresse kindness to a stranger
that desires worthy company.

Tong. Sweet Mr. Dasher, you are the best Woman Vintener
that ever lov'd a Gossips tale. You have so many
good things to pleasure a woman with. You were wont to
have an excellent neat tongue.

Dash. Sweet Mrs. Tongall, my best tongue, and all is
at your service.

Tong. Kind Master Dasher.

Dungw. To your welcome Mistris.

Tong. My humbliehes receives your favour thankfully.
My service to you Mr. Dasher.

Dash. I kisse the hand of your servant.

Ralph. And make a legg. This Vintener sure hath had
very manerly breeding. he came not from the Banks
side, where the surly Watermen live.

Dash. Noble sir, I presume to present my desired to doe
you service.

Tong. This Gentleman hath lesse manners. Hee an-
swers nothing.

Tong. My friend (Sir) though he be of few words,
is a fine wit, and a great observer.

Dungw. A Wit, Mistris; I shall be the prouder of his ac-
quaintance. But when I am a Witt, I shall preferre my
talking before my observation.

Tong. I thank you Mr. Little-word.

Ralph.

Ralph. Mr. *Lisenword* and Mrs *Tongall*! very good.
Sure this woman had a French-man to her Father.

Tong. Indeed Mr. *Dasher*, 'tis excellent Sacke. If you
were unmarried you should have my daughter *Linny*, for
keeping such good Wine in your house.

Dash. I retribute all due thanks for your kindness, that
you would doe me so great an honour.

Ralph. Mistris, you said I should have your daughter.

Tong. My friend, why so thou shalt. This Sacke makes
my heart merry.

Ralph. Whothen shall my Master have?

Tong. Why my Daughter *Linny*.

Ralph. A right woman: so her tongue goe, no matter
what she sayes.

Dash. What will that Gentleman with his table-booke!

Dung. Let's have a health to some body.

Tong. Please you Sir, to my daughter *Linny*.

Dung. Let it goe round then.

Tongall. And hee that will not pledge it, shall not
have here.

Dash. I hope we shall drinke now *Ralph*.

Ralph. Else we lose both our share of the Sack, and our
hopes of her daughter *Linny*.

Ent. Drawer.

Dung. Some more Wine.

Dash. (Whooh) be nimble firrah; and bring of my
kingdome (that's my word for good wine) that it may
wait on these Gentlemen.

Tong. *William*, thou art an honest fellow; and if thou
bringst us good wine, thou shalt have my daughter *Linny*
from them all.

Dash. Sure this Gentleman write's what I speake. I
hope 'twas not treason to say my Kingdome. I would I
knew what he were.

Dung. The Vintener seem's troubled at this Gen:
tlemen's table-booke.

Tong. 'Tis his practise of observation. Hee is taking

a humour for a Play: perhaps my talking of my daughter Linn.

Dung. I'll hatch some mirth from it. Sir, you must not take it ill, if I tell you of your errors. You have spoken something rashly.

Dash. Kind and worthy Sir, my life is your servant for this noble care.

Dung. That silent Gentleman is an intelligencer; a state spy. He'll informe against you. Therefore complie with him to prevent it. 'Tis his policie to say nothing him selfe, that his observation may be the more, and his owne danger the lesse.

Dash. Sir, I owe your goodnesse all that ever I have beene, am, or shall be. He writes againe.

Tong. Now Mr. *Little-word*, you have some fine matter there to worke upon.

Dash. To undoe me. Sir, I desire you will command all that is to bee commanded in my house to doe you service. Yes, yes; he writes againe.

Dung. That word command is a word of great danger, I woulde you had not us'd it.

Dash. Alas Sir, Mrs *Tongall*, 'twas not neighbourly done of you to bring an informer into my house.

Tong. How, I bring an Informer! as I am a Matron, he's a Gentleman, a wit, and a rare Projector.

Dash. I believe it, to undoe a poore Vintener, that cannot complement a Gentleman into a ten pounds expence; but his necke must be in danger. Sir, if I were a King I would be your servant. He writes againe.

Enter a Boy.

Dung. Bless me Sir, you have spoken treason.

Dash. Alas, Sir, I am undone then.

Boy. Master, the Constable and other officers are coming up.

Dash. Yes, yes; to apprehend me.

Ralph. 'Tis for us, *Dobson*.

Dung.

Dung. The Constable! I hope wee are not suspected persons.

Tong. If I thought you were, you should never have my daughter Linny.

The sixth Scene.

Enter CONSTABLE and OFFICERS; by
the left SCENE.

Const. By your leave Gentlemen.

Ralph. You are welcome Sir, and I pray be gone.

Const. But not without you Sir. You are suspected, and must answer.—

Dung. Answer what? heere are neither Traitors nor Fellons.

Dash. I feare I shall be prov'd both.

Tong. No Sir, nor night-walkers that are taken up, and cast downe. I have declar'd my selfe of as good carriage as any in the neighbour-hood; and my daughter Linny waits upon an honourable Ladie.

Dash. Mr. Constable, I am your servant, I hope you suspect no Traitors in my house. If you doe, they shall wait upon you into the Cellar; and there commit what treason you will against as good Sack as is in the King of Spaines Dominions. The Gentleman writes it. I am utterly lost.

Const. There are two suspected to be heere, that have broken the peace, and committed a robbery.

Dash. Denie it Ralph.

Ralph. I tell you Constable, there are none heere, but can breake the peace, as well as you that are a Constable.

Dung. They shall obey your authority, and in the Vintener's phraze wait upon you.

I

Dash.

Dash. I feare I muste die upon the gallowes.

Dungw. Bring my servants, I'll goe likewise along with you.

Dash. Yes, yes; a meere plot to goe along, that hee may witnesse against me.

Dobs. Feare nothing *Ralph*, the Gentlewomen will not see us hang'd.

Ralph. But they may suffer us, and that's a word for hanging.

Dung. You see me apprehensive of your owne danger. There's a reckoning to pay; if you but forgive it, I'll free you from this Gentleman's information.

Dash. Most gladly Sir, and bee your servant. But how shall I be sure of it?

Dung. You shall heare it from his owne mouth. You will not (Sir) informe any thing against this man. I pray say no.

Little. No.

Dash. I am satisfied: and will be your servant in any thing but treason.

Tong. But be sure you speake to Mistris *Dorothy*. Nay I'll along with you too, and perhaps speake a good word.

I have acquaintance with the Justice, and his Clerke knows my daughter *Lily*.

Dash. Let mee bee your servant Mr. Constable, and light you downe. I hope my houle will receive no scandall by this.

Dung. 'Twas a beginning yet, and more may hit. Thus in th' abus'd sense cheating is cal'd wit.

Go to. *Go for h'by the left Scene.*

Act. 5: Scen. I.

Enter SV S A N, by the middle SCENE.

SV S A N.

Thanks honest *Nicholas*. 'Tis time to cover; my Lady will to supper so soone as my Master comes home. He brings strangers with him. This Butler is the kindest fellow to a Gentleman; and deserves my love more for this bottle of Sack, then *Warrant* or *Spruce* for fighting. Come thou inspirer of a diviner soule, that teachest my-
steries, of which without thee none are capable; to bee
valiant; to love; to Poetise: suffer a thirsty gentleman
to delight her drye pallat with thy sweet moisture, and re-
fresh her spirits with thy comfortable operation. (*Drinks*)
Excellent Sack, as I am a Gentleman. Now am I in love
with my old Master for buying it; wth the Vintener for
selling it; with the Drawer for drawing it; nay, with the
very Porter that brought it home; but most of all with
kinde *Nicholas* for bestowing it upon mee; good heart,
hee hath ventur'd a chiding if it should be mist. (*Drinks*.)
What foolish Poets were they that made the more fool-
ish gods drinke *Nectar*! Had *Apollo* presented *Daphne*
but with a cup of such Sack, shee would have lov'd him,
as I doe *Nicholas*: but not to lye with him. A gentle-
man must not humble her selfe to a Butler. (*Drinks*.)
My Ladie.

I 2 The

The second Scene.

Enter LADIE, by the middle Scene.

Lady. What is't should make my Husband's jealousie
 Rage to within him to suspect the visits
 Of every friend! Cannot my carefull carriage
 Kill his distrust, and make him confident? I
 Many a young Ladie that had such excuses
 As I may well pretend, his age, discloses,
 And all the cold defects are incident
 To a decaying strength, would priviledge
 Her rasher wills dispense with young desires.
 Such are in me, but not to satisfaction:
 I must not wrong my fame: though my hot bloud
 Should dance a lustfull measure. But hee's jealous;
 And I must practise some strange cure upon it.
 Secretary.

Susan. Madame.*Lady.* Why doe you gaze upon me?*Susan.* I would not for th'exchange your Ladiship were
 a man.*Lady.* And why so?*Susan.* I should runne madd, for love of your La-
 diship.*Lady.* What humour have you got? you have sure beene
 tipling. Eie Secretary.*Susan.* I hope your Ladiship hath a better opinion of
 your man, then to be earnest because she jests.*Lady.* You know Mr. Jerker?*Susan.* A very handsome gentleman. I wonder no wor-
 thy Gentleman is in love with him.*Lady.* No Secretary; what thinke you of me?*Susan.*

Susan. Doth your Ladiship love him ? truely and so
doe .

Lady. But not as I doe :
I could betray mine honour to his love ;
And sell my fame for his more sweet embraces :
Give those delights which are my Husbands due
To his enjoying.

Susan. And w'll your Ladiship discover this to mee ?
Truely I meane not to bee degraded from your Ladiships
uman, to hold the doore, and crye my Master's comming.

Lady. Thy employment shall be
When wee are closely set at dallyance
Blush not what ere thou seest ; but call thy Master ;
The service may be worth a new gowne.

Susan. How, call my Master ! Did ever any Ladie en-
joy a friend in a corner, and wish her Husband (who is
sufficiently jealous areadystatechange) to see it ! Now as I am a
Gentleuman, and had rather bee a Ladie, 'tis not my
mind.

Lady. But 'tis mine ; His knowledge of't would add to the delight,
And make th' offence lesse. Citie Dames can practise
Slights to deceive their Husbands, mine shall know it.

Susan. But is your Ladiship earnest ?

Lady. As earnest as resolves can make me.

Susan. But I am resolv'd not to obey your Ladyship.
Shall I that am my Ladies Secretary as it were, be trea-
chrous to her secrets ? Then let me not be counted a gentle-
uman. If it please your Ladiship Ile tell him you intend
such a thing that he may prevent it.

Lady. Dispute not my commands, but doe them :
Or I shall stop the current of my favours.
That hitherto have flow'd so fully on thee.

The third Scene.

Enter Sir GENEROUS WORTHY, IERKER,
ARTLOVE, T. WORTHY, SUSAN, IFFERY,
by the middle SCENE.

Sir Gen. I have brought you some guests Wife. Send
your entertainment be worth their labour.

Lady. I could wish it much better for Master Ierkers
sake.

Sir Gen. I feare you are too free that way.
I am yet a man, and my declining age
Hath not so weakened judgement in me,
That passion should betray my jealous thoughts
Nor can I but suspect, and must be satisfied.
Her woman is the instrument. Mris. Susan.

T. W. Pray Sir, let me prepare her. No more will I
In the severer Person of a counsellour
Instruct your care. But since by curios search
I have inform'd my knowledge
Even to satisfaction of his worth,
Let me commend this noble gentleman
Vnto your best desires; let him possesse them.

Doret. Brother, without mature consideration
I dare not doe an act; on which depends
Such dangerous events.

T. W. My love's your warrant.
Have not I searchd him throughly? have not I
Found him deserving all that's due to man,
Though malice were his judge. View but his person,
Art could not shape a more exact proportion:
And through his Christall bosome read his heart
Wherein such noble thoughts are character'd.

Susan.

Susan. You shall command a poore Gentleman any thing ; neither doe I expect reward. I onely desire you will accept it as an act of my love. But why should you be jealous of my Lady.

Sir Gen. Aske me no idle questions, but doe it. Thou mayst bee a Lady thy selfe, if it lie in my power to raise thee.

Susan. Alas Sir, an old man raise a Gentleman.

Dorot. We have a father (Brother) to whose care We owe another dutie, then that onely Which Nature hath injoynd us for receiving Our beings from him. Let not our rash wills Sway'd onely by desire, run any course Agrees not with his liking : Yet I'le tell The Gentleman how much he owes your love For thus commanding him.

Lady. How now Sir *Generous?*
Courting my woman ? am not I warme enough To thaw your frozen appetite ?

Susan. Truly Sir, if my Lady knew how much I lov'd you, 'twould make her jealous.

Lady. Indeed it would not. Revenge should be a remedie.

Sir Gen. That's my feare.

Lady. Nay, to her againe ; you are not the first That hath abus'd his Lady.

Sir Gen. Wife, forgoe these fond thoughts, and with care apply your selfe to entertain these gentlemen. I'le to my closet.

goes forth.

Lady. I want but th' opportunity of their absence, Which I must straight contrive.

Sir Gen. I am now animated To come the neerest way without more circumstance ; And tell you how your beauty and your vertues Have won on my desires to make them yours.

Dorot.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Dorot. I thanke you Sir, and could mine owne eyes see
But halfe that worth my Brother (ayes is in you,
My equall thoughts should answer.

T. W. What said she Sir?

Aril. It seemes you did commend me!

T. W. Yes by my hopes of good, no otherwise
Then I desire to have my selfe commended
Vpon the like occasion.

Aril. I must thanke you Sir.

T. W. I doe interpret it; and have thought upon
Another tryall. Let me intreat you Sister
To consern my intentions right. Though I
Commended him, 'twas onely to distinguish
Your passion and your reason. Now I find
The latter strongest, that you refuse the love
Of one so much defective.

Dorot. How! defective! Brother, my judgement hath as searching eyes
Can see the fulnesse of his manly worth
Through all the vailes of your detraction.
And now to shew how much I doe prefer
The freedome of my will before your counsell,
I'll tell him I doe love him.

T. W. Sister, I hope
You are not earnest!

Dorot. As earnest as my love;
Which since I first beheld him tooke possession
Of all my thoughts, though customary niceenesse
Restraint me from discovering them; but now —

Lady Pray daughter oversee the servants.

Exit Dorothy.

T. W. Mother beshrew your heart, she was in a good
veine. But come sir, wee'll pursue it.

Exeunt young Worthy, and Arilove.

Jeffr. It hath beeene no small punishment for mee to
hold

COVENT-GARDEN.

65

hold my peace all this while. My Cousin is morall before companie and counsels my masters. But now I hope my tongue shall have libertie ; and her's my Ladies gentlewoman to exercise it with.

Lor. Your little Cousin may stay. How like you the plot ?

Ierk. As the end proves it. And since your constancie Hath held out 'gainst my leud temptations,
Which have as well beeene tryals of your vertues
As acts of wantonnesse, I here defist.
Henceforth my tongue shall never utter sound
Offensive to your modesteie.

Lady. Pray let's fit,
And enter on the project, though it be nice
When wit masks vertue in a cloke of vice.

Susan. They are going to it, and heer's a little one will tell. Pray sir, can you keepe counsell ?

Jeffr. As well as a woman.

Susan. Indeed they and children are ki.

Jeffr. You need not feare your secrets.

Susan. Then I shall love you heartily. But pray Sir, no meddling with a gentlewoman's apron. Here's that will helpe your growth : please you to partake.

Jeffr. She abuseth me, I must fit her. What is't Mistris ?

Susan. Sack I assure you Sir ; and I hope you will love a poore gentlewoman as she loves you.

Jeffr. If the Butler be not too deeply interested.

Lady. Secretarie.

Susan. Madame.

Lady. You forget your imployment.

Susan. I saw your Ladiship doe nothing yet.

Lady. Doe we not kisse !

Susan. I runne then, and dare not looke backe for feare of blushing.

Exit.

Jeffr. What strange contrivement's this ?

K

The

The fourth Scene.

Enter Sir GENEROUS WORTHY with SV.S & N.
by the middle Scene.

Lady. Nay, blush not Mr. *Terke*, ours is no act of shame, but to be gloried in; youth to youth, Sir *Generous* are your hornes so lop-heavy they make you hang the head. Never droop at it man. A Lord may bee a Cuckold and never the wiser: you have gotten the knowledge of what you did but suspect before.

Sir Gen. Out of my warring thoughts discretion
Hath order'd a resolve, whose practice shall
Preserve my credit. Though I much wonder
A womans smooth hypocrisie should make
Even her secret actions to appear
Most vertuous; yet in this to staine her whitenesse.

Lady. I did it Sir to cure your jealousie
More then for satisfaction of desire,
Which I have often satiated, when
Your cold abilities were comforted
With downe and silence; when your dreames presented
The quiet of a grave.

Terke. I did it Sir, In gratitude for your hospitality.
Please you to take my counsell. Be divorce't.
You need no proofes, since shees her owne accuser,
I'le then procure a dispensation
And wee'l be marryed.

Sir Gen. 'Tis assent to,
Nay more, I'le give you all her portion backe,
Nor shall the least disquiet in my thoughts
Make me remember it. Think not (young man) mine age
So

So weake, but I can conquer passion.
My act shall instantly have confirmation;
And be a presidient where such inequality
Of yeares are joyn'd.

Lady. Pray good Sir Generous say.

I have not yet consented; and I thiake
The Law cannot dispense whilst either live.
If you resolve divorce, you'l onely force me
To an unwilling widow-hood; and how little
My innocence deserves, the least suspect,
Though I did faign a guilt for better ends,
Iust heaven can witnesse. There was no necessity
To tempt my woman to discover us.
It was my first command.

Sir Gen. I heare strange words
Which must be scann'd and construed.

Lerk. Here my tolicites cease. But I desire
I may remaine the servant of your vertues,
And weare your favours livery, whose example
Hath won on my resolves to reconcile
My wilder soule.

Lady. Whilst you persever in't,
I shall preferve you in my purest thoughts;
But never to infect them.

Sir Gen. The World reputes me
A man of full discretion; and mine age
Is not so rotten yet, to be twice childe.
Hence yee vaine jealousies, that in love diseas'd
Are peccant humours: therefore must be purg'd.
Come to my bosome patterne of true goodness.
Nere more those bug-beares to the minds blest quiet
Shall fright thee thence.

Lady. Then will my joyes be settled.

Sir Gen. Good Sir forgive
The gashness of my passion. I'll no more

COVENT-GARDEN.

Be jealous of your visits ; but desire
The love I bear your person may be usefull
To all good ends.

The fifth Scene.

Enter T. WORTHY, ARTLOVE, DOROTHY, &c.

T. W. Nay, blush not Sister ;
Though it be vertues colour. Say't agen.
Here are more witnesses.

Sir Gen. Whence growe's this exultation ?

T. W. From inward joy that she affects this gentleman,
Whose Vertues won me. Upon my love to be his Oratour
And not respects infected with the mixture
Of any wroke condition.

Sir Gen. Doe you love him ?

Dorot. I hope to your kind judgement it will appear
A vertuous truth.

Sir Gen. If he be found deserving, nothing no now
In the dependances on blood and fortune
I shall consent, and then may mutual love
Render you happy.

Artl. How am I blest that your white soule
Hath bounded it's desires within the circuit
Of my too narrow worth !

Sir Gen. Supper not ready yet my servants are musicall ;
please you Gentlemen to dance a little. 'Tis a healthfull
exercise ; bid them prepare their instruments. Come,
come, settle to it. Spruce and Warrant, sing
I love to see a nimble activenesse, with Musick.
In noble youth ; it argues active minds,
In well shap't bodies, and begets a joy
Dancing within me. *Dance.*

The

From a old play by John Dryden, 1670.

The fifth Scene.

Enter LITTLEVYRD, TONGALL, DUNGVYRTH,

CONSTABLE, RALPH and DORSON, by

the middle Scene.

Sir Gen. Welcome neighbour Tongall: what meane these people?

Const. I have brought them, an't please your Wor-

shipp.

Sir Gen. Whom, and't please you, Master Con-

stable?

Const. The theives, and't please your Worship, that

rob'd your worships Clerke.

Spruce. Now Warrant.

Warr. How I rob'd is the Constable is surely drunke;

I was not rob'd.

Const. How's that I did not you bring mee to the Ta-

vernes, shew mee the fellowes, and direct me to appre-

hend them? Did you not promise mee a share if they might

be brought to a composition?

Warr. Who? I verily I say I know thee not.

Const. How I not know the Constable! Come Mr.

Warrant, let mee understand the mystrie without being

farther abus'd. You forget the place where wee had re-

creation for nothing, onely promising the wenches favour

upon occasion: against whom wee afterwards inform'd

to get fees.

Sir Gen. Is't nos otherwise? it shall raise some

mirth.

Dobs. Did not I tell thee Ralph, the Gentlewoman?

Ralph. Well, 'tis a rare thing to bee a Justice. Were

I but swel'd with a little authoritie, mee thinks I could

crye, you Rogne, you Rascall, or you Constable, most gravely.

Dobf. And 'tis as rare a thing to bee a Constable; to command in the name of authority, and bee drunke at midnight, without danger of the stocks.

Sir Gm. I shall respect him M^ris. *Tongue.* M^r *Con-*
stable I doe conceive an abuse done to my persons in that you here traduce two strangers, pretending appointment, when none will accuse them; nor can I suddenly disco-
ver the error.

Constable. Now by all the painted authoritie of my staffe.

Sir Gm. No swearing Constable; I have determin'd to conferre a power upon the accused, to judge both it and you; and the most offendors shall suffer what shall be due.

Consta. Whither shall I fall I from my Empire of com-
mand, to obey a mock-Constable. If the danger of exam-
ple forbid it, that Clownes and tooles be not made Justi-
ces in earnest.

Sir Gm. No more of this modestie: We have it so; and exercise your wit. I have knowne a Courtkey fellow full of knavish clinches.

Dobsons Yes Sir, 'tis ordinary in a Smith.

Ralph. Then if I hit you not for a Justice.

Dobsons And I for a Constable. You shall heare my tone.

Const. And I for an offender.

Ralph. Can you write and read young gentleman?

Jeff. Like a gentleman.

Ralph. Then you shall be my Worships Clerke. And so I assume authoritie. (hem, hem)

Spriner. Now shall we be jeer'd out of our skins.

Warr. Set a good face on't.

Ralph. (hem, hem,) what are you sirrah?

Dobf.

Dob. I am Dobson the Constable andt' please your Worship.

Conf. Hee lies andt' please your Worship, I am the Constable.

Ralph. You were the Constable; but your dignitie is justly taken from you, and conservd upon honest John Dobson. Thou haſt beene a raskall firrah, a corrupt Constable. Thou haſt converſt with deeds of darknesſe, hating the all light, but wenches and a lanthorne: which a married Constable can never want at midnight. Thou haſt watcht little and prayd leſſe: thou ſhalt therefore fall thy ſelſe into amendment. And ſo I commit thee with thy guard of Bill-men to the mercie of a Shrove-Tuesdayes rebellion. (hem, hem.)

Dobson. Here's an other refendant, andt' please your Worship.

Ralph. Now Sir, what are you?

Warr. A Justices Clerke.

Ralph. Oh, I know you firrah.

You write true Latine, not to be understood by the Worſhipfull bench.

Warr. Your Worſhip is misinform'd. I canhot write true *Orthographicis* without a Copie; and for Latine, I haue leſſe then the Deane of Dunſtable. I haue read *Ignoramus*: but finding hard words which were not in the Dictionarie, I ſweare I understand it no more then *Ignoramus* himſelfe.

Ralph. Make his *Mittimus* and ſend him to ſchoole; (hem, hem,) what are you Sir?

Spruce. A Gentleman Vſher.

Ralph. You are a Malkin of mock-Gentry, made up of ſilke and vaine-glory. You begin to grow out of fashion. I will therefore have you ſtich't into a cage of complements, and commended to ſome thrifty house-keeping Ladie in the Countrey, where you may ſave her Ladifhip the

the charge of a Taylovr; and if you can read, serve for a house-Chaplaime in rainy weather. (hem, hem.) Bring that Countrey Gentleman before me.

Dung. You'l grow saucie sirrah.

Sir Gen. Pray let's uphold the jest, I'll not spate mine owne person. Your servant switty.

Ralph. You are a Countrey Gentleman, a Gallant out of fasshion all the yeare; but especially at Sessions, and upon high Holi-dayes, when your fasshion doublet drawes away the eyes of the simple, and distractes their devotion almost into Idolatry; giving it more worship then the Heraldes ever gave your Ancestors. You intend as I understand to come forth in a new Edition; and when the Mercers and Tailors have new printed you, and that some gentile wit may be read in your Character to marry a Wife in the City. You shall then have a paice sealed up on her by a Courtier; be ship't at Cuckolds haven, and so transported into Cornwall. (Hem, hem.) Now Sir, what are you? never a wisc word to answer a Justice?

Tong. He is my friend Sir; and if you abuse him, you shall not have my daughter *Lissy.*

Ralph. There is a tempest in her tonge able to shake the foundation of the wifest Justice-ship.

Dobs. My Ladie Sir.

Ralph. Madame, I have heard complaints of your Ladiship, that you rise early every morning before noone, and are readie before night, unless there bee a mask at Court. You are likewise a great frequenter of the balls, merely out of charitie to the poore Fidlers.

Sir Gen. He hits you home Wife.

Jeffr. And this is my Ladies Gentleman.

Ralph. Stop your cares Gentlewomen, here's a foule busynesse towards. But you may tell the man, the time and place, though not the manner.

Secre.

COVENT-GARDEN.

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Scoro. Truely Sir, if I am with child, 'tis but with a bottle of Sack.

Ralph. Give it me; I'll keepe it. Many a Justice in the City keepes children are none of his owne. (*Drinks.*)

Ierk. A right Sack Justice.

Ralph. And now for you Gentlemen. You are of the wits that give Poets Sack and old Bevers, and vent their conceits in Tavernes for your owne.

Jeffr. Please you Sir, these Gentlemen are my Friends.

Ralph. How's that I a Justice take bribes? the example is too frequent, and I will have it mended.

Sir Gen. You begin now to overdoe.

Ralph. Bribes have purchas'd more then the whole race of Aldermen since *Luds* time.

Sir Gen. You are bitter now: 'tis time to resign.

Ralph. 'Tis time indeed, when I will not take bribes to be a Justice *Quodam.*

Sir Gen. When Wit makes not abuse it's exercisit,
The users of it then are truely wise:

But 'tis a foolish Vanitie, not Wit.

When Conscience bounds are broke to practisit.

L

The





The EPILOGUE.

Y' Ave seen a Play, wherein was no disguise;
 No Wedding; no improbable device:
 But all an easie matter, and contain'd
 Within the time of action. 'Tis arraign'd;
 And doubfull stands before your judgements barre,
 Expecting what your severall censures are.
 Some that pretend commission to the Stage,
 As i' the only Cato's of this Critick Age,
 Condemning all not done by imitation,
 Because this new Play bish'a new foundation
 Wee feare will cry it downe: our hope is then
 That your faire hands will raise it up agen.

FINIS.



Rev. 6 Sept. 17 9

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